GERARD WAY & GABRIEL BÁ

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY™

APOCALYPSE SUITE

GABRIEL
BÁ
2008

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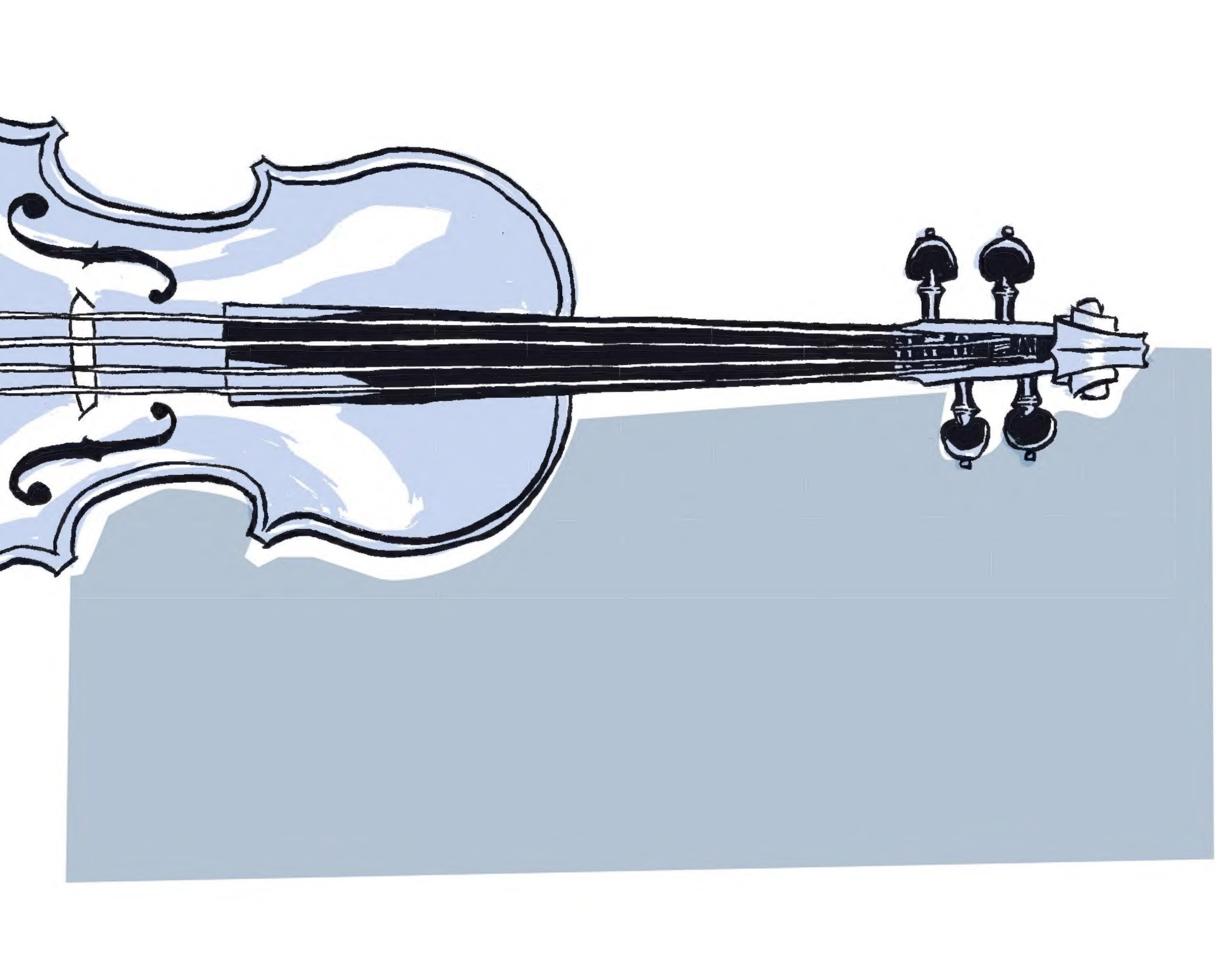

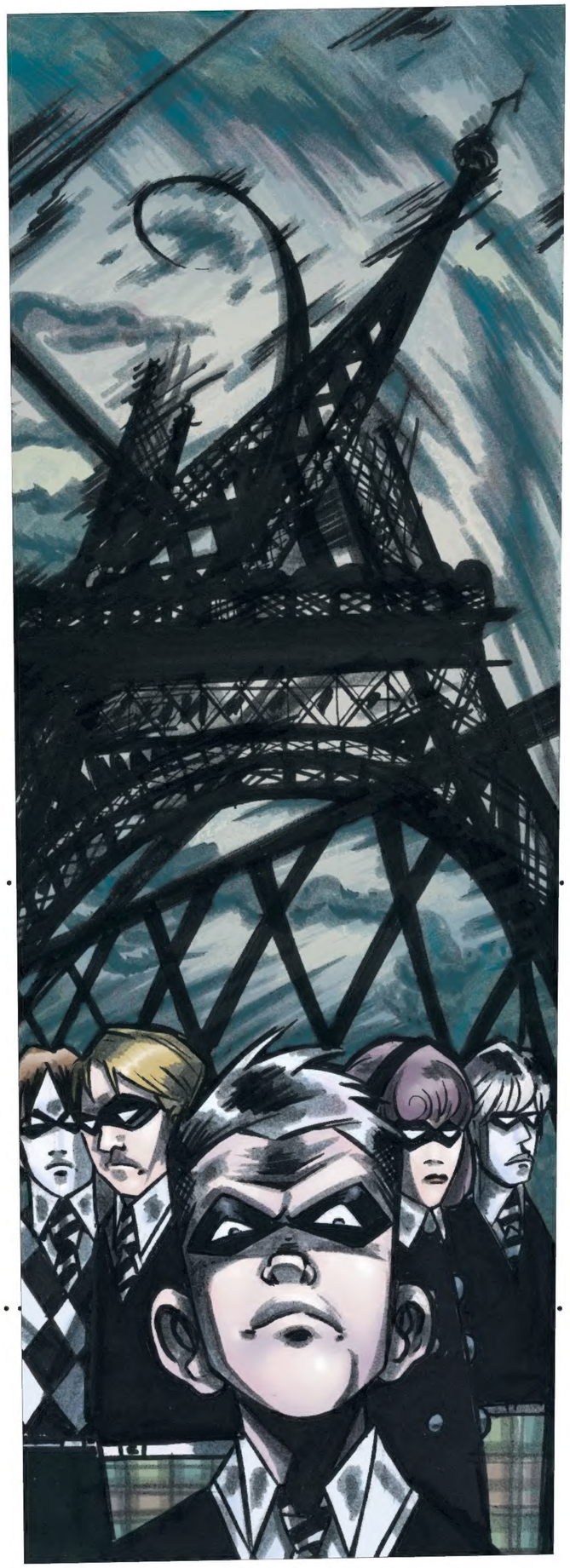

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY™

VOLUME 1: APOCALYPSE SUITE

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THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY™
VOLUME ONE: APOCALYPSE SUITE

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This volume reprints the comic book series *The Umbrella Academy: Apocalypse Suite* issues #1–6, and the story from the 2008 Free Comic Book Day book, published by Dark Horse Comics. This volume also includes *The Umbrella Academy* short story originally featured on darkhorse.com.

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INTRODUCTION

It begins, in the best way possible, with an atomic flying elbow . . .

I met Gerard Way in Glasgow at the end of 2006 not long after the release of *The Black Parade* by his band, My Chemical Romance.

The video for the single "Welcome To the Black Parade" had seemed to me a perfect articulation of a kind of, let's call it, "necrodelic," current I was hoping might show up in popular culture, so I was eager to catch up with him. Those punk, post-apocalyptic echoes of *Sgt. Pepper*, the elegiac chiming guitars and doomed young soldiers, the Freddie Mercury bravado that compressed the polar extremes of emo and military macho together into a perfect synthesis: the blend was thrilling and showed a pop group with an ambition, a vision, and a reach that immediately attracted my attention.

The Black Parade played relentlessly while I was writing psychotic Joker prose for the 663rd issue of the *Batman* comic, and on all through the endless, cold, dark nights and cigarette-burn days of the miserable Scottish winter.

So by the time Gerard and I sat down together it was already a mutual admiration party. He had the iconic silver crop then but the dye was making his scalp crawl and he'd started to talk about ditching the look. We got on like old pals and spent the afternoon before the band's sound check talking about comics, travel, rock 'n' roll, life, death, Malcolm McDowell, and all that.

He told me he'd been writing a comic of his own, called *The Umbrella Academy,* and now that I knew a bit more about him and his influences I felt confident in saying I'd love to read it before it came out. There's nothing worse than feigning enthusiasm to avoid hurting a friend's feelings, but Gerard wasn't a celebrity tourist in the world of comics—he knew them and loved them, and had clear ideas about where he wanted to take them.

Even so, I had no real idea what to expect, except maybe some continuation of *The Black Parade* themes: cancer, cabaret, and chaos.

To tell the truth, I wasn't sure he'd be able to handle regular deadlines writing in a tour bus between shows. It's hard enough to do this kind of thing from the comfort of home, but I reckoned without his work ethic and so, with its loving nods to *The Prisoner*, French surrealism, and music history, its strange unconscious echoes of old British-television shows and favourite films, *The Umbrella Academy* arrived perfectly formed, one issue after the other, and quite unlike anything I'd imagined.

The breezy, confident pace; the humour and invention; the clipped, sardonic narrative captions that cross-cut with the dialogue to blackly ironic effect, read like the work of a veteran master of the form. Combined with the bendy, spiky, chiaroscuric glory of Gabriel Bá's art, with its compact, expressive lines and Dave Stewart's evocative colouring, Gerard's story and characters come to incredible life and explode across page after page, issue after issue, conjuring a fully realised world that refuses to sit still as its heroes and villains experience betrayal, carnage, humiliation, joy, failure, heartbreak, and death.

Add James Jean's brilliant, atmospheric covers, stir over a blue fever heat, and serve as one of the great new comic books of this decade.

The Umbrella Academy has a sound and a beat unlike anything Gerard makes with his band and his voice, but listen close and you'll hear it just as clearly.

Collected here are the first six issues of *The Umbrella Academy*, comprising the *Apocalypse Suite* storyline.

It begins with an elbow and ends with a sandwich . . .

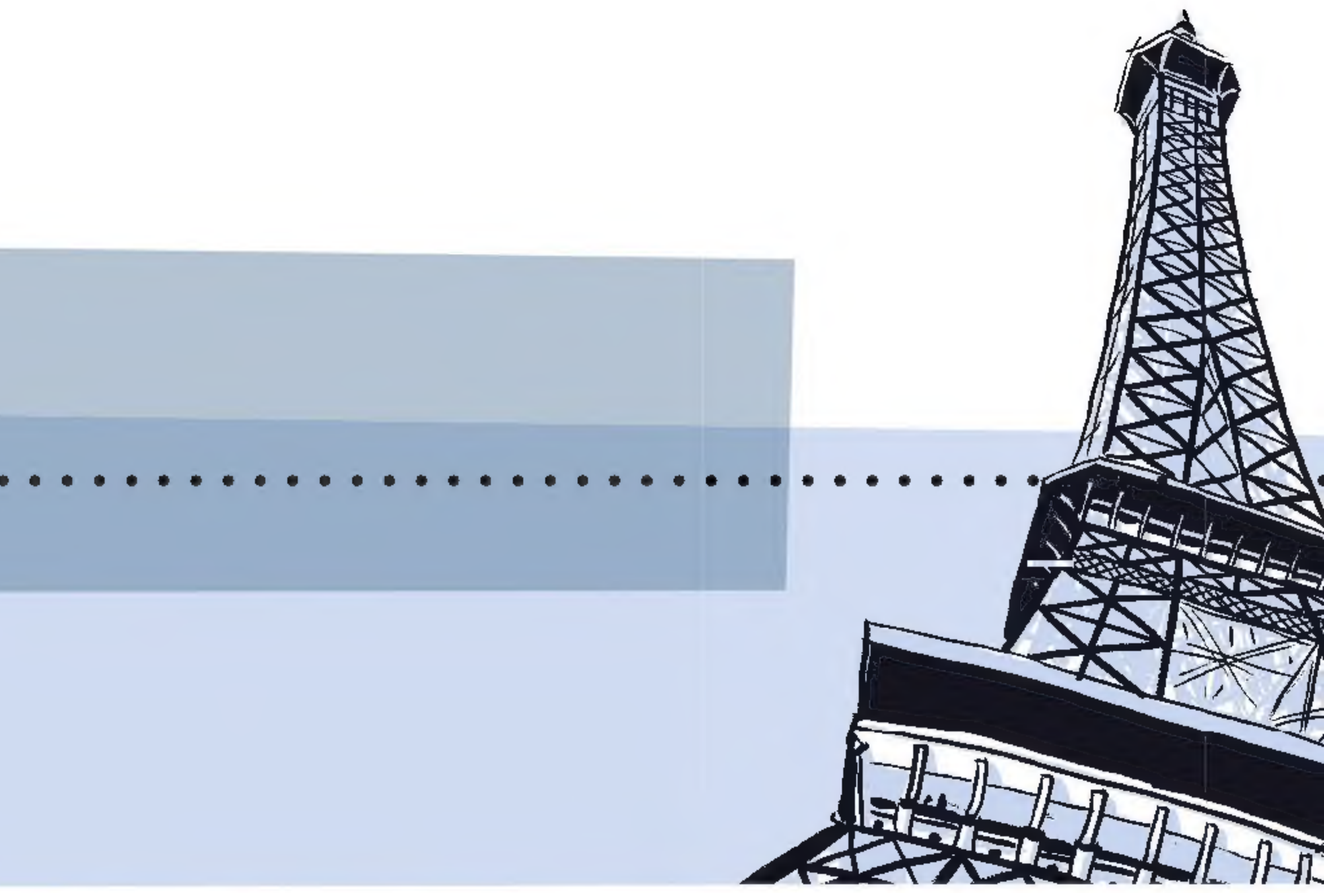
And in between you will hear music of a very different kind.

–GRANT MORRISON
Los Angeles, March 2008

To my wife, Lindsey, for being my umbrella.
GERARD

My greatest joy when finishing a page of *The Umbrella Academy* was to show it to my brother, to help me believe I'd just done that page. This book is dedicated to Fábio—it would not be possible without him.
GABRIEL

CHAPTER ONE



It was the same year "Tusslin' Tom" Gurney knocked out the space-squid from Rigel X-9...

It happened at 9:38 p.m....

It came from an atomic flying elbow.

And in that moment...

...without warning...

...and in an occurrence of complete coincidence...

...forty-three extraordinary children were born...

...to mostly single women, who had shown no signs of pregnancy, in seemingly random locations around the world.

The children were either abandoned or put up for adoption...

...the ones who survived.

Enter, Sir Reginald Hargreeves, a.k.a. The Monocle.

World-renowned scientist and wealthy entrepreneur.

Inventor of The Televator, The Levitator, The Mobile Umbrella Communicator, and Clever Crisp Cereal.

Olympic Gold Medalist and recipient of the Nobel Prize for his work in the cerebral advancement of the chimpanzee.

Space alien.

For reasons unknown, Sir Reginald set out with his bodyguard Abhijat aboard his private vessel, *The Minerva*...rumored to be powered by the remains of King Amen-Kharej IV.

Using methods undisclosed, he sought to track down and adopt as many of the children as he could.

He only found seven of them--

00.01

00.02

00.03

00.04

00.05

00.06

00.07

Wiping their identities and concealing the children from the world, Sir Reginald held a press conference in Stockholm in which journalist Cosimo De'Lostrono from Milan asked, *"Why have you adopted these seven children?"*

To this, Hargreeves replied--

Princes

TO SAVE THE WORLD, OF COURSE.

Television

Power Unit

To which the world asked--

The City Paper

Eye on the World

FROM WHAT?

They received no answer.

For it was the last time Sir Reginald and the children were seen. Until that day...

Until--

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY FEATURING SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES A.K.A. THE MONOCLE, IN...

THE DAY THE EIFFEL TOWER WENT BERSERK

BEING PART ONE OF SIX IN THE STORY: APOCALYPSE SUITE

TEN YEARS LATER.
6:23 A.M.

POP

SNAP

CRASSH

7:02 A.M.

...JUST FLEW OUT OF THE *SKY?*

YES.

YOU DON'T THINK HE JUMPED?

NO.

HE WAS *PUSHED.*

WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS--!

8:15 A.M.

AND WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST I DO **NOW?!** THIS IS **MADNESS!**

SEND MORE--

EXCUSE ME, OFFICER--

BUT I BELIEVE **WE** CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

IT'S YOUR EIFFEL TOWER...

...IT'S GONE INSANE...

...AND MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS.

WHAT--? IT IS **YOU CHILDREN** WHO ARE INSANE.

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY SUBORDINATE, NUMBER THREE...

CITIZENS OF PARIS...I HEARD A RUMOR THAT THE MUSÉE D'ORSAY IS GIVING AWAY MANY OF ITS **FINEST PAINTINGS.**

THEY'RE ALSO SERVING CREPES.

WWWWWWWWWRRR

GOOD JOB DISPERSING THE CROWD, NUMBER THREE--ALTHOUGH NOW WE'LL HAVE TO RECOVER THOSE PAINTINGS--

NUMBER ONE...?

BZZZT

ZZZZRAK

SPREAD OUT AND ATTACK!

8:52 A.M.

DAD...?

I MEAN... MR. MONOCLE, SIR?

WHY CAN'T I PLAY WITH THE OTHERS?

WELL, NUMBER SEVEN...

THERE'S JUST NOTHING *SPECIAL* ABOUT YOU.

Oh.

WHERE'S NUMBER FIVE? I DON'T SEE HIM DOWN THERE...

THE *FUTURE*, I PRESUME...RUN AWAY FROM HOME, NO DOUBT. I CAN'T BE SURE...NOR CAN I BE BOTHERED.

WHY DON'T YOU GO AND PLAY YOUR VIOLIN?

9:04 A.M.

WHAHZZZZZZ

ANY BRIGHT IDEAS **NOW,** FEARLESS LEADER?!

NUMBER FOUR! YOU'RE **SLIPPING!**

DON'T LET GO OF ME--!

I'M TRYING TO CONTACT A **DEAD ENGINEER** FROM THE **SPIRIT WORLD**--HE CAN TELL US HOW TO **STOP** IT!

SAVE YOUR **BREATH!** WE'RE ALL GONNA **DIE!**

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP?

AOW!

NUMBER ONE!

CRASH

SHOW-OFF.

TO THE CONTROL TOWER! I GOT A HUNCH--

SLAM

AND JUST AS I SUSPECTED--

ZOMBIE-ROBOT GUSTAVE EIFFEL!

MAUDIT ENFANTS!

ALIVE! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS--!

NOT FOR LONG!

NUMBER TWO--

NO!

NON! JE SUIS TOUCHE!

LANCER

FZZZACK

INITIER LA SÉQUENCE DE LANCEMENT!!

EVERYONE OUT!

NOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

I THINK IT'S TAKING OFF.

BUT WHY?!

BECAUSE IT'S **NOT** A MONUMENT, CHILDREN...

...IT'S A **SPACESHIP.**

DAD!

DON'T CALL ME "DAD." AND WHILE YOU LOST THE EIFFEL TOWER, YOU SAVED PARIS. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...

THE KEY TO THE CITY!

AND **ICE CREAM** FOR EVERYONE!

ONE SCOOP EACH!

YAY!

WHAT'S WRONG, NUMBER ONE?

MR. MONOCLE, SIR... WHEN I GROW UP... I WANT TO GO INTO **SPACE.**

AND SO YOU SHALL, NUMBER ONE...

...SO YOU SHALL.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

THE MOON.

NUMBER ONE...?

COME IN, NUMBER ONE...

NUMBER ONE, THIS IS ANNIHILATION CONTROL. YOU HAVE A CALL.

TELL THEM I'M BUSY.

IT'S DR. POGO...ON THE PHONE.

KEEP HIM ON THE LINE.

SPACEBOY
First boy in space.
POGO-- ANY NEWS FROM EARTH? IS THIS IT...?
...
Here to save the Earth.
NEGATIVE, POGO...YOU KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE MY POST. A THREAT MAY FINALLY--
Mars Mission Failure:
SPACEBOY CRITICALLY INJURED.
Hargreeves performs experimental surgery to save his life.
WHAT?
THE HORROR -DEAD!
LEAVES EARTH!
UMBRELLA ACADEMY DISBANDS!
THE JENNIFER INCIDENT!
Oh.
I SEE.
I'M ON MY WAY.
I'VE READIED YOUR SHIP, NUMBER ONE. WILL YOU BE REQUIRING YOUR LASER PISTOL?
YES. AND BEN? REMIND ME TO RE-PROGRAM YOU WHEN I GET BACK...
ONLY MY FATHER CALLS ME NUMBER ONE.

HULL INTEGRITY AT 100%.

WEAPON SYSTEMS ON-LINE.

klik

THRUSTERS READY.

HRRRRR

ENGAGE.

GODSPEED, SPACEBOY, SIR.

THE CITY.

RRRRRING

EXTRA ORDINARY

MY LIFE AS NUMBER 7

HELLO?

YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER IS DEAD, RIGHT?

WHO IS THIS?

I SUPPOSE I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE BROKEN UP...YOU WROTE A LOT OF NASTY THINGS ABOUT YOUR FAMILY IN THAT BOOK OF YOURS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M CONDUCTING A SUITE--THE FIRST OF ITS KIND. IT APPEARS MY CHAIR FOR FIRST VIOLIN HAS BEEN RENDERED... VACANT. I'D LIKE YOU TO AUDITION.

AND *WHY* WOULD I DO THAT?

REVENGE.

BE AT THE ICARUS THEATRE AT NOON TOMORROW.

click

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY

00.01 ПТИЦА

SPACEBOY...

DR. POGO...

IS IT TRUE?

YES.

SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES IS ***DEAD.***

AND SOMETHING ***WORSE*** IS COMING...

NUMBER FIVE--WHERE HAVE YOU ***BEEN*** FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS?! WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

NOW, NOW, SPACEBOY. IT CAN WAIT. YOU'RE ***HOME*** NOW.

AND ***THE OTHERS*** WILL BE HERE TOMORROW.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY ADVENTURE: APOCALYPSE SUITE. THERE ARE FIVE MORE CHAPTERS TO THE SERIES, WITH TWENTY-TWO PAGES PER CHAPTER, TOTALING ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO PAGES. THERE ARE SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY, AND SEVENTY-TWO NAMES ON THE EIFFEL TOWER. THERE IS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE NUMBERS.

CHAPTER TWO

SPACE...

WAKE UP, SPACEBOY...

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

EIGHT A.M.

YOUR SISTER HAS ARRIVED.

THE RUMOR?

ALLISON, YES. SHE'S BEEN STANDING BENEATH BEN'S STATUE FOR THIRTY MINUTES. YOU SHOULD GO DOWN AND HELP HER WITH HER BAGS...

SHE LOOKS NERVOUS.

FATHER'S REALLY DEAD, ISN'T HE, POGO?

YES HE IS, SPACEBOY.

I'M SORRY.

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, YOU KNOW...

...I KNOW EVERYONE BLAMES YOU FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO BEN. BUT NONE OF US KNOWS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT DAY.

RUMOR...

STILL USING CODE NAMES? YOU'RE EVEN WEARING THE MASK...

I...I WASN'T SURE YOU'D COME.

I MISSED YOU TOO... WHERE'S MOM?

SHE'LL BE HERE. WHERE'S...IS IT *PATRICK?*

HE FILED FOR DIVORCE EIGHT MONTHS AGO. HE GOT THE HOUSE, AND CUSTODY OF CLAIRE.

HOW'S THE ***MOON?*** ANY SIGN OF A GENOCIDAL ALIEN THREAT? ANY WORLD-EATING STAR PHANTOMS?

YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER?

THINGS ***CHANGE,*** LUTHER...

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE ABOUT FUNERALS?

EVERYTHING I OWN IS BLACK.

SÉANCE...

...BUT SOME THINGS NEVER DO.

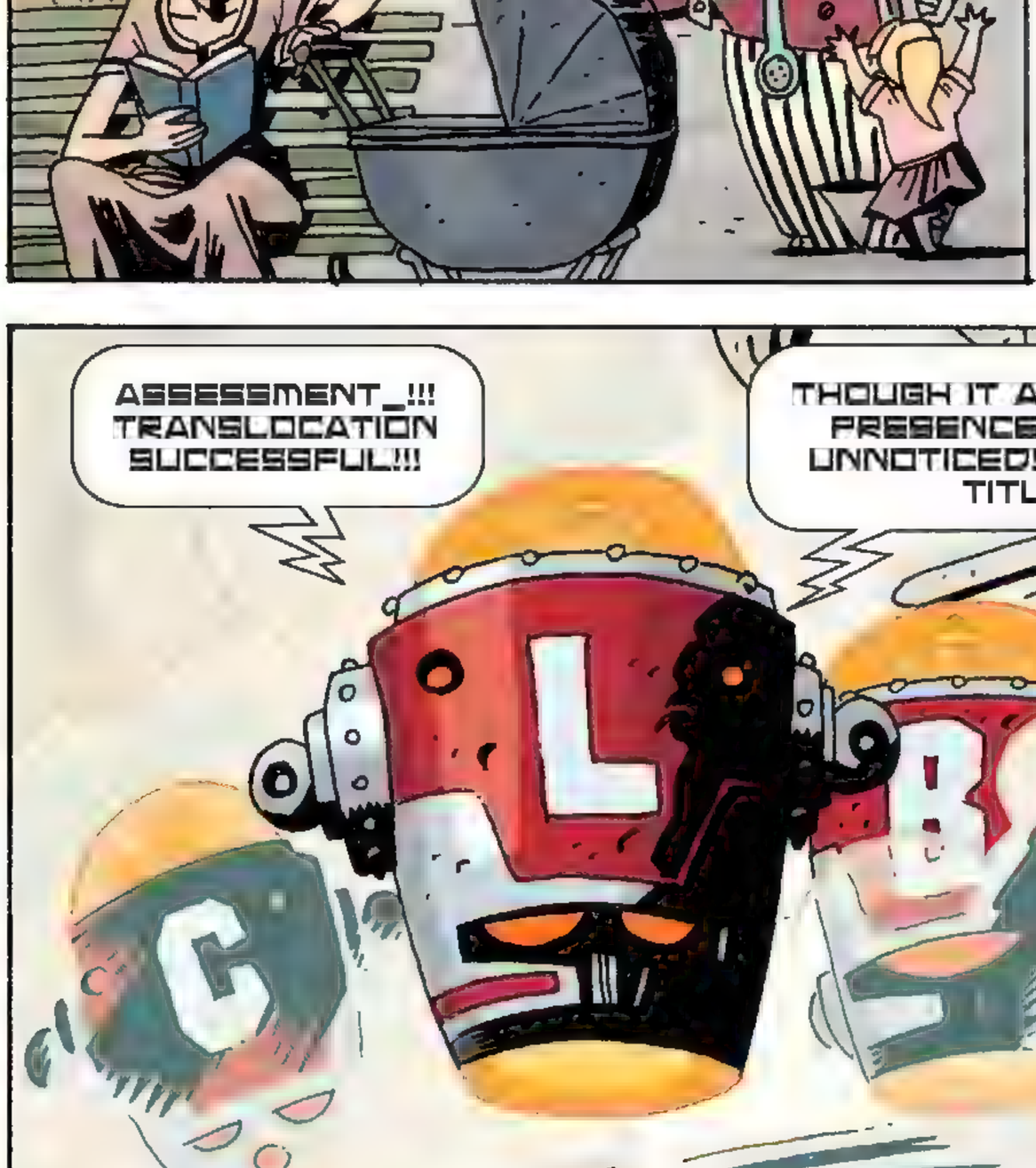
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A FRESH POT ON...I LOOK LIKE DEATH. BUT I GATHER THAT'S APPROPRIATE. Heh.

WHERE IS THE OLD CORPSE? I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM ABOUT CUTTING OFF MY ALLOWANCE...

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU, SPACE.

THE CITY.

A VERY NICE MORNING.



ANNOUNCEMENT_!!! CITIZENS OF THE CITY_!!!

IRREGULARITY 97679, A.K.A. THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY, HAS A HIGH CHANCE OF REFORMATION IN 2 HOURS, 28 MINUTES, AND 11 SECONDS!!!

INTERRUPTION_!!! WE SEEK INSTANT RETRIBUTION! THIS AREA OF RECREATION WILL SERVE AS A SUITABLE THEATRE FOR ERADICATION DUE TO ITS HIGH PROBABILITY OF CIVILIAN FATALITY!!!

AGREEMENT_!!!

OBSERVATION_!!! A DISTURBING LACK OF CONCERN! TERMINAUT BRUTUS--!!!

CALAMITY_!!!

VRRRROOOOR

BOOM

"DAD ALWAYS WARNED ME NOT TO GO TOO FAR INTO THE FUTURE...

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY FEATURING THE MORTAL REMAINS OF SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES A.K.A. THE MONOCLE IN:

WE ONLY SEE EACH OTHER AT WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS

BEING PART TWO OF SIX IN THE STORY APOCALYPSE SUITE

"BECAUSE HE TOLD ME I COULD NEVER GO BACK.

"AND EVEN THOUGH I HATED HIM, AND I TRIED TO PROVE HIM WRONG..."

I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY FROM HOME.

Clever Crisp Cereal

The City Paper
IT'S A PERFECT DAY
Nothing bad to report.

"BECAUSE WHAT I FOUND WASN'T JUST A PLACE WHERE I COULD HIDE.

"WHAT I FOUND WAS THE END OF THE WORLD.

"IT TOOK ME A FEW DAYS TO FIGURE OUT I WAS THE ONLY BOY ALIVE."

HELLO?

"BUT ONCE I DID--"

CHOP

UNHAND THINE MAIDEN, FOUL BEAST!

"--I WAS ECSTATIC.

"I WAS FREE.

"THERE WAS NO ONE TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

CHOP

"NO ONE TO MAKE YOU FEEL SMALL.

CHOP

"NO ONE TO MAKE YOU WEAR A MASK.

CHOP

"OF COURSE, IT EVENTUALLY OCCURRED TO ME..."

THIS IS BAD.

"AND AS I WAS FILLED WITH GUILT, I BEGAN TO THINK...

"A SEARCH THROUGH THE PUBLIC LIBRARY LED ME TO A BOOK WRITTEN BY ONE OF US. SHE WAS CALLED ***NUMBER SEVEN*** WHEN I KNEW HER...

"I SAW HOW BAD THINGS HAD GOTTEN...HOW EVERYTHING HAD GONE WRONG. HOW NUMBER SIX HAD DIED...HOW WE HAD FAILED...

"AND I DECIDED TO GO BACK.

"DAD SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAVEL BACK IN TIME...SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...

"I SPENT THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS TRYING TO PROVE HIM WRONG.

"AS USUAL... IT SEEMED HE WASN'T.

BEAUTIFUL

"I GAVE UP. ACCEPTING MY FATE AS A GHOST AMONG THE RUINS...

"AND IN THAT MOMENT... JUST AS ALL HOPE SEEMED LOST..."

YOU'RE AN IDIOT...

WHAT?

YOU FORGOT TO SUBTRACT THE TWO FROM THE ONE...

LIKE TWELVE YEARS AGO. I WASN'T GONNA SAY ANYTHING, BUT...

"...THE ANSWER CAME TO ME."

DOLORES!

YOU FIGURED IT OUT! HOW COULD I HAVE **BEEN** SO BLIND?!

"I WAS GOING HOME.

"I COULD START AGAIN.

SHRAKK

"I'D BE RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED, TEN YEARS OLD, THE DAY BEFORE THE EIFFEL TOWER WENT BERSERK... THE DAY BEFORE I RAN AWAY FROM HOME..."

GOODBYE, MY LOVE...

BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG...

SOMETHING PULLED ME OUT OF THE TIME-STREAM. MUCH TOO SOON.

HARGREEVES'S DEATH...

POSSIBLY... BUT HE WAS DEAD BY THE TIME I ARRI--

IF YOUR STORY CHECKS OUT, THAT IS--

VOGUE

CORONER ESTIMATES THE TIME OF DEATH AT 7:02 P.M., BUT THE SECURITY CAMERAS ON THE ESTATE MYSTERIOUSLY STOPPED RECORDING AT 6:44 P.M. ***CONVENIENT.***

LUCKY FOR YOU I BROKE INTO THE CITY MORGUE AND RAN AN AUTOPSY. NATURAL CAUSES...HEART ATTACK.

APPARENTLY.

AGENT 00.02, I PRESUME...

DIEGO-- HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU.

YOU KNOW, I HEARD A RUMOR--

DON'T TRY YOUR WITCHCRAFT ON ME, SISTER...

WHILE YOU WERE BUSY PLAYING *HOUSE*, I WAS PICKING BULLETS OUT OF MY SHOULDER AND THROWING NUT JOBS IN THE CLINK...

STAND *DOWN*, KRAKEN--

STILL GIVING THE ORDERS, MONKEY-BOY? LAST I CHECKED YOUR ZIP CODE DOESN'T QUALIFY YOU AS TEAM LEADER--

THAT'S *ENOUGH*, KRAKEN--

I AM THE ONLY ONE HERE OF THE PONGIDAE PERSUASION...

AND I TAKE OFFENSE AT THAT COMMENT.

SO START ACTING LIKE HOMO SAPIENS SO WE CAN BURY YOUR FATHER.

WERE THE COSTUMES REALLY NECESSARY?

AS PER HARGREEVES'S REQUEST...

...AND SEEING AS THE GATES HAVE PROVIDED US A MODICUM OF PRIVACY...

DOES ANYONE WISH TO SAY ANYTHING?

HE WASN'T THE **BEST** FATHER...

...AND AN EVEN **WORSE** HUSBAND...

BUT IF HE WAS GUILTY OF ANYTHING--

--IT WAS CARING FOR THE WORLD SO MUCH THAT HE SACRIFICED HIS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS...

...UNFORTUNATELY, HE NEVER ASKED **US** HOW WE FELT ABOUT THAT.

MOM...

BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIS DEATH IN VAIN. WE MUST--

KRAKEN-- **DON'T--**

RIPPP

I'M SORRY... I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME.

I WOULD HAVE WORN THE LIMBS, BUT THEY'RE SO **UNCOMFORTABLE...**

I'M **WARNING** YOU, KRAKEN--

IT'S OKAY, MOM...

OR **WHAT?** YOU GONNA BEAT YOUR CHEST?

EVERYTHING IS A **LIE**, COWBOY. **HARGREEVES** LEFT US WITH NOTHING BUT A **MAUSOLEUM** FULL OF **QUESTIONS**, AND A PIECE OF **PLASTIC** FOR A MOTHER...

THOSE **TEARS** AREN'T EVEN REAL.

WELL **THESE** ARE!

THEN IT'S TOO BAD **VANYA** ISN'T HERE...

click

...SHE COULD PLAY HER VIOLIN.

WRRRRRRRRRR

ICARUS

FR RENT

FOR RENT

THE ICARUS THEATRE.

DOWNTOWN.

The City Paper

HARGREEVES DIES!

Heart attack at age ??

creak

STAGE DOOR

HELLO?

IS ANYONE HERE?

HELLO, YANYA.

WHO'S THERE?!

WHAT IS THIS? YOU SOME SORT OF PERVERT?

PLAY SOMETHING...

ANYTHING.

I HAVEN'T PLAYED IN LIKE TWELVE YEARS...

BUT IT'S THE ONE THING ABOUT YOU THAT'S "EXTRA ORDINARY."

PLAY.

ftang

CLAP
CLAPPA
CLAP
CLAP

SHAK

CLAPPA CLAP
CLAP
CLAPPA
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

CLAP CLAP CLAP
CLAP
CLAPPA
CLAP CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAPPA

Hmph. LACKING IN FINESSE, BUT... *ADEQUATE...*

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN DESTROYING THE WORLD?

WH-WHAT?

WHO *ARE* YOU...?

WE ARE THE ORCHESTRA VERDAMMTEN.

THE FINEST MUSICIANS IN ALL OF THE WORLD. BUT VERY UNIQUE... A COLLECTION OF MADMEN AND MURDERESSES. HEARTS AND DEEDS AS BLACK AS THE VERY INSTRUMENTS WE PLAY...

I AM THE CONDUCTOR.

I'VE WRITTEN A NEW PIECE. THE APOCALYPSE SUITE. MY LIFE'S WORK. TWO PARTS FAUST THREE PARTS LA BOHÈME, A DASH OF MESSIAH, AND A BIT OF MY OWN CANTATA.

THE EXACT COMBINATION, IF PLAYED IN THE RIGHT KEY, WITH THE PRECISE DYNAMIC, WILL DESTROY THE WORLD.

IT'S JUST MISSING ONE THING--

YOU.

WHAT?

COULD YOUR FATHER HAVE BEEN WRONG ABOUT YOU, AFTER ALL?

COULD YOU REALLY BE...CAPABLE OF SOMETHING GREAT?

FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER VIOLIN... AND DON'T FOLLOW ME.

LET HER GO...

SHE IS MOST LIKELY GOING TO HER FAMILY FOR COMFORT...IN WHICH CASE WE SHOULD EXPECT HER BACK VERY SOON.

KRAKOOM

SPACE!

I WASN'T EXPECTING COFFEE AND CAKE TO GO SO POORLY...

WELL THEN, YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU LOOK...

YOU'RE GETTING **SOFT.** AND EXTREMELY **SENSITIVE.**

YOU CAN STILL ***TALK--***

LET ME FIX THAT FOR YOU--

WHAK

LUTHER! STOP IT!

VMMMMMM

MAYBE I HAVEN'T MADE MYSELF CLEAR-- WHAT I LEARNED IN THE FUTURE--

THE WORLD WAS DESTROYED JUST THREE DAYS AFTER HARGREEVES'S DEATH!

VMMMMMM

TIME IS RUNNING OUT.

VMMMMMM

VMMMMMM

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED ONE BIT.

LOOK--!

THE CARNIVAL! IT'S ON FIRE--!

...THE TERMINAUTS...

THE WHAT?

DR. TERMINAL'S FAREWELL "GIFT." HE TOLD US ALL ABOUT IT THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT HIM--BEFORE HARGREEVES SENT HIM AWAY, HE BUILT AND PROGRAMMED THE TERMINAUTS TO *ACTIVATE* SHOULD WE EVER RE-FORM...

...WHICH MEANS *VANYA* MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY.

BUT *SPACE*--

--THE KRAKEN--

SPLASH

LET HIM GO... MAYBE HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED.

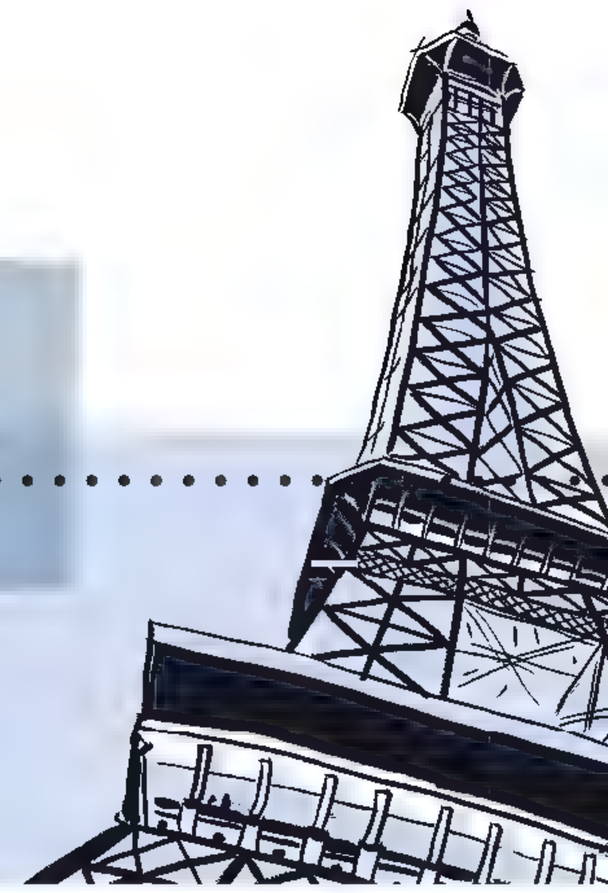
EVERYONE ELSE TO THE TELEVATOR... BECAUSE ACCORDING TO THE TERMINAUTS--

--WE'RE A TEAM AGAIN.

"IN CLOSING, I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT I NEVER DESIRED TO BREAK THE CHILDREN. I MERELY SOUGHT TO FOSTER THEIR POTENTIAL—WHICH WAS UNFORTUNATELY NEVER THAT VAST."

—SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES, DURING HIS ACCEPTANCE SPEECH AT THE NATIONAL THALLIUM AWARDS.

CHAPTER THREE



I NEVER CONSIDERED MYSELF A *LUCKY* MAN...

NEVER WON A RAFFLE, NEVER MADE A DIME ON THE PONIES...

...BUT THEN THE DOCTORS TOLD ME I DEVELOPED A RARE DISEASE...*EISENSTEIN SYNDROME.*

IT AFFECTS *ONE* IN *TWO-POINT-FIVE MILLION PEOPLE...*

IT EATS YOU FROM THE INSIDE...

...*STARTING* WITH THE NERVOUS SYSTEM...

...ENDING WITH *THE BRAIN.*

HOW'S *THAT* FOR LUCKY?

"THEY SMILED AND GAVE ME TWO MONTHS ...

"...TOLD ME TO *LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST*...BUT TO COME BACK FOR A VISIT...

"...WHICH I DID..."

BUT NOT BEFORE I BUILT *THIS* LITTLE WONDER.

IT EATS MATTER AND CONVERTS IT INTO ENERGY... ENERGY THAT FEEDS THE DISEASE... KEEPS ME ALIVE...

IT BORROWS TIME...

...BUT IT GETS SO HUNGRY.

WHICH I APOLOGIZE FOR...

BUT LITTLE GIRLS JUST TASTE **BETTER** THAN DOCTORS.

Mphh mm...

I KNOW... I KNOW...

YOU'RE THINKING, "IT'S **CURTAINS** FOR ME!"

BUT HERE'S THE THING...

I CAN NEVER **BEAT** YOU...

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'LL EVER STOP TRYING.

SO I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS ***YOU'LL*** NEVER BEAT ***ME.***

AND I'VE ***SEEN*** TO THAT.

A SURPRISE... LONG AFTER YOUR FATHER PUTS ME IN THAT ***TERRIBLE*** PLACE...OR THE DISEASE GETS ME...***OR*** I EAT THE WHOLE OF FINLAND...WHICH-EVER HAPPENS FIRST...

WHEN YOU'RE ALL GROWN UP...AND WHEN YOU'RE LEAST EXPECTING IT...

I'LL PAY ***YOU*** A VISIT... IN MY OWN SPECIAL WAY.

A REPORTER ONCE VISITED ME IN PRISON, A DISGUSTING FELLOW... ASKING QUESTIONS...

JUST BEFORE I ATE HIM-- ALONG WITH THE BARS THAT CAGED ME, THE GUARDS, THE ***WARDEN,*** AND THE ***CARNATIONS*** GROWING BY THE GATE--

--HE TURNED, SWEATING PROFUSELY, AND ASKED--

"DO YOU THINK YOU CAN LIVE FOREVER?"

AND I SAID--

SMASH

THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, TERMINAL--!

IF YOU ***HURRY*** YOU CAN STILL ***SAVE*** HER...

NUMBER THREE-- HOLD ON!!

NUMBER THREE!!

CAN YOU HEAR ME?!!

RUMOR--!

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY FEATURING THE TERMINAUTS IN:

DR. TERMINAL'S ANSWER

BEING PART THREE OF SIX IN THE STORY: APOCALYPSE SUITE

GET THE CHILDREN OUT OF HERE!

ZAT

I'm sorry...I can't...

OBSERVATION_! THERE ARE FEWER NUMBERS OF THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY THAN EXPECTED_!

AND THERE'LL BE *FEWER* MOMENTARILY_!

Fzzak

RUMOR! GET OUT OF THERE--

BOOM

YOU HAVE TO PULL IT TOGETHER.

I *NEED* YOU.

SPACE--

ANNOUNCEMENT_! PREPARE FOR ERADICATION_!

THIS IS BRINGING ME *DOWN*, MAN--

IMMINENT EXECUTION_!

DAMMIT!

YOU OKAY, LADY?

Y'KNOW, YOU LOOK LIKE--

THE CARNIVAL--

--IT'S ON FIRE...!

I BET IT'S MY FAMILY...

DRIVE ME THERE.

AND DRIVE FAST.

SPECULATION THAT THE **UMBRELLA ACADEMY** WOULD RE-FORM FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF **SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES** HAD BEEN HEATED...

--BUT THIS IS A **MUCH** DIFFERENT REUNION THAN EXPECTED.

AROUND THE TIME OF SIR REGINALD'S **BURIAL**, THE CARNIVAL PIER WAS ATTACKED BY SEVEN UNIDENTIFIED **"KILLER" ROBOTS**, WHO MADE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN BY OPENING FIRE ON A CAROUSEL--

--TORCHING AT LEAST **NINE** CHILDREN.

EYEWITNESSES CONFIRM THAT **SPACEBOY**, **THE RUMOR**, AND **THE SÉANCE** ARRIVED ON THE SCENE MOMENTS AGO...AND ARE LOCKED IN A **LIFE-OR-DEATH** BATTLE WITH SAID ROBOTS.

LIVE

LIVE

LIVE

WHETHER THIS IS A **NEW** THREAT OR A RESURFACING VILLAIN REMAINS A MYSTERY...

I SHOULD BE DOWN THERE WITH THEM...

THEY **NEED** ME.

I WOULD ADVISE AGAINST ACTION UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOUR BIOLOGY--

--WHICH APPEARS TO BE THAT OF A PERFECTLY HEALTHY ***SIXTY-YEAR-OLD MAN*** TRAPPED IN THE SHELL OF A ***TEN-YEAR-OLD CHILD.***

BUT HERE'S THE FASCINATING PART...

YOU AREN'T AGING.

SCANS SHOW NO SIGNS OF CELL **DEATH**, YET NO SIGNS OF CELL **GROWTH**.

IT'S AS IF YOUR BODY IS **STUCK IN TIME**.

WELL, THE CLOCK MAY HAVE STOPPED ON **ME**, BUT IT'S STILL TICKING ON THE **WORLD**...CLOSING IN ON DESTRUCTION.

WE NEED TO START SEARCHING FOR CLUES... ANYTHING...

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA, NUMBER FIVE...

WITH ALL DUE **RESPECT**, MRS. HARGREEVES, I AM NOT ONLY AN ACTUAL **HUMAN BEING**, BUT A GOOD THIRTY YEARS OLDER THAN ANYONE IN THIS ROOM.

I APPRECIATE YOU NAMING AND RAISING MY SIBLINGS, BUT I HAVE LITTLE USE FOR **"MOTHERING."**

MAY I SUGGEST YOU WORRY YOURSELF WITH THE WHEREABOUTS OF **THE KRAKEN**...

...OR BAKE A SOUFFLÉ.

LET'S **GO**, DOCTOR...

Tunnel of Terror

STATUS_! I HAVE SEALED OFF THE EXIT AND AM CLOSING IN! ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE! DECIMATION EVENTUAL!

WE'LL BE SAFE IN HERE...

I'M SO SCARED...

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.

I DON'T WANNA GO BACK OUT THERE...

I CAN'T SWIM!

Shhhh! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING...

REVELATION_! TERMINAUT BRUTUS_!

FORTUNE SMILES_!

UBIQUITOUS BLOODSHED!

FFZAKK

I WAS BETTER OFF AT SHINYVIEW--

--AT LEAST YOU GET A *SPONGE BATH* FROM A LARGE EX-CON.

SÉANCE--I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE *TIME* OR *PLACE*--

COWARDICE_!

FZAKK

THE PAPERS ALL SAID I WAS CRACKED, BUT I CHECKED *MYSELF* IN...

...COMATOSE WARD... I PREFERRED *THE COMPANY.*

JESUS, KLAUS...

ASSESSMENT_! I SEE NO SIGN OF TARGET 00.02_

ADAGE_! IF LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS_

FZZAK

EVER WONDER WHAT A VEGETABLE THINKS ABOUT?

SÉANCE-- BE QUIET, PLEASE--

I WANT YOU TO BREAK RIGHT AND DRAW THEIR FIRE--

FWAK

MORRISON PARK

FIRECRACKERS...

RUMOR--

BEE STINGS...

FZACK

--YOU STAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

HAPPY FACE EGGS.

GO!

EXCITEMENT_!

WRRRRRR

ADVENTURE_!

COMPLETION_!

MAKE SWEET LEMONADE!

SWEET WITH BLOOD_!

RIIIP

SÉANCE! HOLD ON!

FWIP

MALFUNCTION_! BLINDNESS! RECKLESS VOLLEY_!

chunk

FZZZ

NO ESCAPE_!

HEADS UP--!

ERROR_! PRESERVATION SYSTEMS ACTIVA_

BOOM

BOOM

KABOOM

ONE OF YOU GUYS IS GONNA LOAN ME A T-SHIRT...

ZAK
ZAK ZAKK

MY GOD...

BOOM

SPACE!!

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE_!

TARGET 00.07 ACQUIRED_!

YANYA?

KABOOM

DAMMIT!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST SHOW YOUR FACE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?!!

AMAZEMENT_! ASTOUNDING STUPIDITY_!

I--I WANTED TO HELP... THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO TELL YOU!!

KRAKOOM

YOU LEFT!!!

THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US WITH IS GETTING *KILLED*...

...AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN TELL ME THAT I WANT TO HEAR.

I USED TO THINK I HAD A SISTER...

BUT I'VE GOT NOBODY.

GET LOST.

KRAKEN...

THANKS...

WAS THAT YANYA...?

JUST A CITIZEN.

NO ONE SPECIAL.

WELL *THAT* WAS COMPLETELY POINTLESS...

WHAT?

DIDN'T WE JUST *SAVE THE UNIVERSE?*

NO, RUMOR...

JUST AN *OLD MAN'S GAME*...DR. TERMINAL'S DESIRE TO KILL US IS AS RELENTLESS AS HIS HUNGER, IF HE'S EVEN STILL ALIVE...

DAD ALWAYS SAID NO ONE COULD ESCAPE FROM *THE HOTEL.*

TERMINAL PROGRAMMED THESE THINGS *YEARS* AGO.

IF THE END OF THE WORLD *IS* COMING... IT'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING MUCH BIGGER THAN *THAT.*

LET'S LEND A HAND, THEN HEAD BACK TO THE HOUSE. WE NEED TO BANDAGE UP.

AND WE NEED TO START SEARCHING...

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

THE ICARUS THEATRE

BANG

WRONG.

WRONG.

WRONG.

WRONG!

HOW MANY TIMES MUST WE DO THIS?!

I'M RUNNING OUT OF BULLETS!!!

D-DO YOU HAVE ROOM IN THIS ORCHESTRA FOR ONE MORE?

I USED TO THINK I HAD A FAMILY...

...BUT I HAVE NOBODY.

LET'S GIVE THEM A PERFORMANCE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET.

Table 1. Summary of Estimated Amusement Park Ride-Related Injuries.

SUBJECT	THIS YEAR'S ESTIMATED NUMBER OF INJURIES	PERCENTAGE
Total	2,173	100%
Kids' Rides	321	14.8%
Family and Adult Rides	746	34.3%
Roller Coasters	1106	50.9%
Total	2,173	100%
Fatalities	320	14.7%
Serious Injuries	829	38.2%
Other Reportable Injuries	1,024	47.1%

Courtesy of the Families Against Amusement Parks Association (FAAPA).

Estimates based on annual survey of amusement park ride related injuries.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO.

I HATE YOU!!

I HATE YOU!

I HATE YOU!

POGO

YANYA?

I--

--HATE--

--YOU!

00.07

SLAM

SMASH

I DON'T BELONG HERE!!

RUDOLF KOELMAN

I DON'T BELONG HERE...

VANYA?

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HEARD A NOISE...

WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M USELESS...

I'M SO W-W-WORTHLESS...THERE'S NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT M-***ME***...

I-I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS...I CAN'T ***DO ANYTHING***...

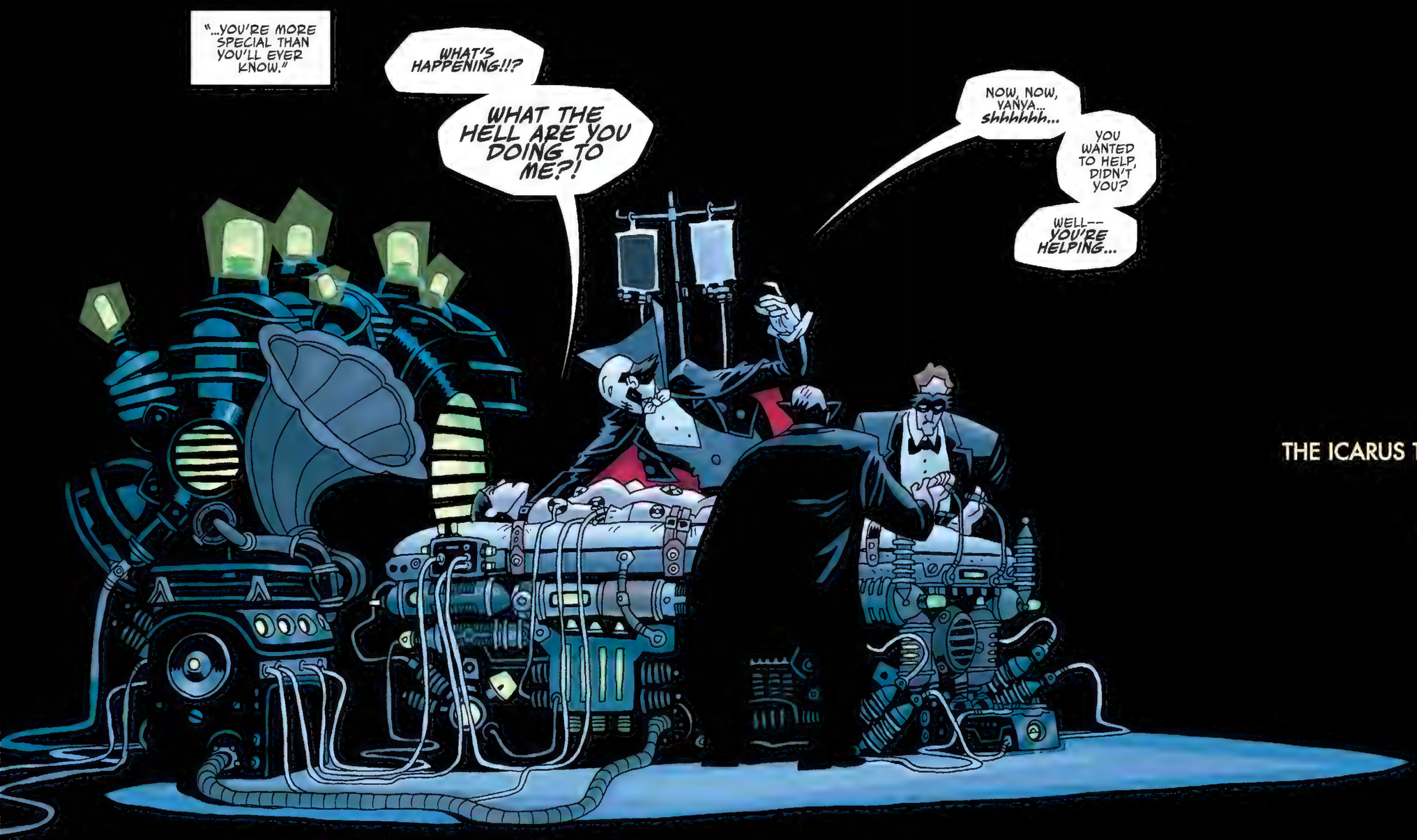
YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'RE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. YOU DON'T NEED TO ***DESTROY THINGS*** TO PROVE YOURSELF.

YOU ***ARE*** SPECIAL...

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY FEATURING THE ORCHESTRA VERDAMMTEN, IN:

BABY, I'LL BE YOUR FRANKENSTEIN

BEING PART FOUR OF SIX IN THE STORY: APOCALYPSE SUITE


"...YOU'RE MORE SPECIAL THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW."
WHAT'S HAPPENING!!?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!
NOW, NOW, VANYA... shhhhhh...
YOU WANTED TO HELP, DIDN'T YOU?
WELL-- YOU'RE HELPING...

THE ICARUS THEATRE.

TWO DAYS BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE.

YOU'RE JUST NOT *READY* YET...

W-WHAT ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT?

YOUR FATHER'S NOTES...

YOU CAN GET ANYTHING IF YOU KILL THE RIGHT PEOPLE... SOMETIMES IT ONLY TAKES TWO OR THREE...

BUT WHAT'S THE FUN IN *THAT?*

HARGREEVES RAN EXTENSIVE EXPERIMENTS ON ALL OF YOU, WHILE YOU SLEPT...

AND APPARENTLY, *YOU'RE THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE.*

NOW HOW DOES THAT FEEL?

H-HURTS SO MUCH...

C-C-COLD-- I'M GETTING COLD...

HE ALSO FIGURED OUT THE MEANS BY WHICH TO MAKE YOU *SHINE.*

BUT I THINK *HIS* METHOD WAS MUCH LESS *PAINFUL...*

YOU SEE...THE ***ORCHESTRA*** WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE ALMOST FROM INCEPTION...

OUR ***SOULS*** ARE TAINTED...

...PAINTED ***BLACK*** BY THE VERY DEEDS THAT MAKE US SO WONDERFULLY ***INDIVIDUAL***... BUT IF WE ARE TO DESTROY THE WORLD, WE NEED ***ONE THING MORE.***

SOMETHING WHITE.

SOMETHING ***PURE.***

I'M GONNA KILL YOU...

AND I'M GONNA MAKE YOU A ***STAR***...

SMILE.

THE CITY.

IT'S A GOOD THING THESE OLD **LEVITATOR BELTS** WERE LYING AROUND...

YES, BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING **CONSPICUOUS** ABOUT A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY FLYING AROUND WITH HIS **MONKEY**...

WE CAN COVER MORE GROUND THIS WAY, AND THEY WERE **MADE** FOR PEOPLE OUR SIZE...

AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

Oh...BURNING BUILDINGS, MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS, INCINERATED CHILDREN... THE ODD **DOOMSDAY DEVICE**...

YOU KNOW...**THE APOCALYPSE.**

LIVE

XXX

XANADOO

LIVE SEX

SEX

NUMBER FIVE...IN THOSE *FIFTY YEARS* THAT YOU WERE ALONE, CUT OFF FROM ANY HUMAN CONTACT, OR ANY FAMILIAR REALITY--

--HAD IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE BECOME "DISCONNECTED"? OR EVEN--

INSANE?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING I *IMAGINED* IT? THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION? THE *ANNIHILATION* OF ALL *MANKIND?*

COULD I HAVE BEEN DRIVEN TO MADNESS IN MY SEARCH FOR A WAY HOME?

YES...THE THOUGHT HAD OCCURRED TO ME...

BUT WHAT IF I HADN'T?

PRECISELY.

THE TERMINAUTS' ATTACK ON THE CARNIVAL WAS FAR TOO SIMPLE TO BE AN *ACTUAL* THREAT.

IMPECCABLE *TIMING*, BUT A *DISTRACTION*, AT MOST...

EXIT

I SAW WHAT I SAW, POGO...

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAVE SPENT THEIR LIVES BEING DISSECTED BY THE PEOPLE HARGREEVES RAISED US TO PROTECT.

IF I'M WRONG, WE'RE ONCE AGAIN GUILTY OF TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM A *FALSE ALARM*...

BUT IF I'M *RIGHT*...

...ISN'T *THIS* WORTH SAVING?

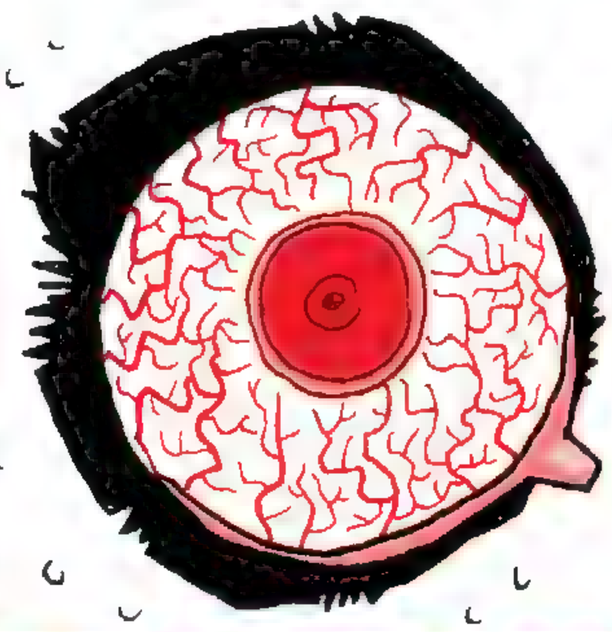
W-WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME? PILLS...I NEED MY *PILLS*...

YOU DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE. YOU'RE DOING *WONDERFULLY*...

W-WHAT'S THAT *SOUND*?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A *CAR CRASH*...I WANT TO SEE IT... CAN I *SEE* IT?

BACH.



SO MUCH PAIN...I'M *SORRY*...TELL THEM I'M SORRY...I WANT TO GO *HOME*...

TELL WHOM?

MY BROTHERS...MY SISTER...

HEART RATE DROPPING RAPIDLY...

MY FATHER...

INCREASE VOLTAGE SLOWLY. COMPLETE THE TRANSFUSION...

WAIT!

YES, MY DEAR?

SOUNDS LIKE--

ANGELS...

...SUFFOCATING...

I CAN HEAR IT!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

FLIGHT

THAT THING MAKES ME SICK EVERY TIME WE RIDE IT...

I WISH I COULD **SYMPATHIZE**, BUT WE'VE GOT MUCH BIGGER PROBLEMS— INCLUDING THE FACT THAT YOU **FROZE** BACK THERE.

TELEVATOR

THIS ISN'T THE **EASIEST** THING TO JUMP BACK INTO-- ESPECIALLY WITH **FLYING GARBAGE CANS** FIRING **DEATH RAYS**--

The Detroit World's Fair presents THE TELEVAT

DIEGO--!

I'M FINE.

YOU KNOW, MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T GET YOUR **GUTS BLOWN OUT** IF YOU DIDN'T GO RUNNING OFF ON YOUR **OWN.**

YOU'RE RIGHT...MAYBE IF I FOLLOWED **YOU** I WOULDN'T HAVE TO BLEED IT OUT...

MAYBE I'D JUST GET MYSELF **KILLED.**

STILL MAD AT THE WORLD BECAUSE **FATHER** DIDN'T **LOVE** YOU?

HE DIDN'T LOVE ANY OF US!

BUT **YOU'RE** STILL TRYING TO **IMPRESS** HIM AFTER WE JUST **PUT HIM IN THE GROUND.**

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...HE *DIDN'T* LOVE ME.

BUT I HAVEN'T SPENT MY LIFE *PRETENDING* HE *DID*.

LIKE *YOU* HAVE WITH *YANYA*.

SLAMM

I'M GOING ON PATROL. KEEP YOUR EAR ON THE COMMUNICATOR.

WHAT?!

LUTHER, YOU HAVEN'T *SLEPT*--

--AND YOU'RE STILL *BLEEDING*--

NO TIME.

THEN I'M COMING WITH YOU.

FINE. I'LL RESET THE TELEVATOR.

I ASSUME YOU'RE GOING TO BED?

I'M TAGGING ALONG...

...I'VE BEEN EATING SPEED FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS AND EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES I SEE CENTIPEDES.

THAT'S GREAT.

THE CITY.

STOP

DINER

Costello's

WHAT'LL IT BE?

TWO CUPS, BLACK, MY DEAR.

Agnes

THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME.

PARDON ME?

jing-jinng

WHO IS THE ONE CALLED NUMBER FIVE?

I AM...

Agnes

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

THE ICARUS THEATRE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

FOR *YEARS* MAN HAS DREAMT OF FINDING THE ANSWER TO A *SINGLE QUESTION...*

"HOW DO I UNRESERVEDLY KILL BILLIONS OF PEOPLE IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE?"

FIRST THERE WAS THE *FENNLER MANUAL-FEED MACHINE GUN...*

...FOLLOWED BY *THE GAS CHAMBER.*

AND EVENTUALLY MY PERSONAL FAVORITE-- *THE ATOMIC BOMB.*

MERE TRIFLES. *FAILURES.*

BUT *TONIGHT,* MY FRIENDS...

WE MAKE THE DREAM A REALITY!

FOR ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU--THE WORLD'S *GREATEST* INSTRUMENT OF EXTERMINATION! A *WONDER* OF MODERN SCIENCE!

AND THE MOST *ADORABLE* LITTLE KILLING MACHINE YOU HAVE EVER *LAID! YOUR! EYES! UPON!*

ORCHESTRA VERDAMMTEN, MEET LA VIOLÉ BLANCHE!

OR IF YOU PREFER...

...THE WHITE VIOLIN!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

SHRRRRRIP

FLUMP

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, LISTEN TO ME--!

GATHER YOUR TRUMPETS, YOUR CELLOS, YOUR HARPS--!

LEND ME YOUR LIVES AND PREPARE FOR DEMISE--

CLAP CLAP CLAPPA CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAPPA CLAP CLAP CLAPPA CLAP CLAP CLAPPA

--FOR TONIGHT WE END THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY--!

--AND TOMORROW WE END THE WORLD...

CLAP CLAP CLAPPA CLAP CLAP CLAPPA CLAP

TWO BODIES HAVE I

THOUGH BOTH JOINED IN ONE

THE STILLER I STAND

THE FASTER I RUN

ANSWER: AN HOURGLASS

CHAPTER FIVE

DOWNTOWN.

THE CRIME SCENE.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MA'AM?

A-AGNES.

OKAY, AGNES--

I WANT YOU TO RELAX...

...AND TELL ME WHAT YOU TOLD THE OFFICER OVER THERE.

O-OKAY...

I WAS WORKING THE LATE SHIFT... AND THIS LITTLE BOY AND A MONKEY--

A CHIMPANZEE.

MONKEY? CHIMP? TH-THEY'RE THE SAME THING...

MY COLLEAGUE WOULD DISAGREE.

CONTINUE...

WELL, THEY COME IN AROUND FIVE IN THE MORNING...ORDER SOME C-COFFEE...

AND JUST AS I'M HANDING IT TO THEM...THESE *MEN* WALK IN...

"AND WHAT DID *THEY* LOOK LIKE, AGNES?"

"THEY WERE STRANGE..."

"WHAT DID THEY *DO*, AGNES?"

THEY START ASKIN' QUESTIONS...LOOKING FOR SOMEONE... SOME KIND OF NAME THAT'S A *NUMBER*...

AND THE LITTLE BOY JUST SITS THERE ALL CALM LIKE, AND HE SAYS HE'S THE ONE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR...

"...AND ONE OF THOSE WEIRD-LOOKING MEN PULLS OUT SOME KIND OF GUN..."

"AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?"

H-HE KILLED THEM...

HE KILLED EVERY ONE OF THEM...

WHO KILLED THEM, AGNES?

"TH-THE-- THE LITTLE BOY..."

AND HOW OLD DID YOU SAY THIS BOY IS, AGAIN, AGNES?

EIGHT... EIGHT OR TEN...

AND HOW DID HE KILL THESE...THESE STRANGE-LOOKING MEN?

"HE WAS SO FAST...

"HE DIDN'T SHOW NO MERCY...HE DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH...

"IT'S T-TOO HORRIBLE TO REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT HE DID TO THEM... I NEVER WANT TO REMEMBER THAT.

"AND THEN IT WAS OVER--HE THREW SOME MONEY ON THE COUNTER...THEY WALKED OUT, AND HE TURNED TO ME AND SPOKE..."

AND WHAT DID HE SAY, AGNES?

number

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY, FEATURING INSPECTOR LUPO, IN:

"THANK YOU FOR THE COFFEE"

BEING PART FIVE OF SIX IN THE STORY: APOCALYPSE SUITE

THOSE THINGS'RE GONNA KILL YOU--

BET THIS WILL KILL YOU QUICKER!!

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, LUPO?

JESUS, KRAKEN...I COULD HAVE SMEARED YOU AGAINST THE BACKSEAT!

I THINK YOU DO IT ON PURPOSE...

WHAT WENT DOWN AT COSTELLO'S?

WE'RE KEEPING IT HUSH IN THE PAPERS...

TRIPLE HOMICIDE. APPARENTLY SELF-DEFENSE, BUT THE SUSPECTS TOOK OFF.

A CHIMPANZEE AND A BOY WEARING A BLACK SCHOOL UNIFORM...

KROOM

...KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?

I'LL WORK ON IT.

I NEED HELP.

WHY? ALL YOUR ENEMIES ARE ON ICE...OR IS IT THAT TIME AGAIN?

THE END OF THE WORLD?

MAYBE...

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING. GOT ZIP. I NEED A LEAD...

Hmph.

PROBABLY NOTHING...

BUT THERE'S BEEN AN AWFUL LOT OF VIOLINISTS GONE MISSING OVER THE LAST TWO MONTHS... VIRTUOSOS, ALL OF THEM. THERE MAY EVEN BE A CONNECTION TO OTHER MISSING PERSONS GOING BACK SIX YEARS. ALL CONCERT MUSICIANS OF SOME SORT.

ISN'T YOUR SISTER A VIOLINIST? THE CRAZY ONE?

!

Hmph.

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

&Critch

&Critch &Critch

CRASH

I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE A CUP OF COFFEE...

WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

HARGREEVES'S REVOLVER...

IF THE WORLD'S GOING TO ***END*** I'D PREFER TO GO QUICKLY, RATHER THAN BE FLATTENED BY THE JETTISONED ENGINE OF A ***747*** OR ***BURNED ALIVE***...

IF YOU LIKE, I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU WHEN THE TIME--

Oh, HELLO...

I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE DINER...

JUST A BUNCH OF RUFFIANS OUT JOYRIDING FOR KICKS.

WELL... THEY GOT THEM.

RUFFIANS? CARRYING LASER GUNS?

ssip

THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT ME YOU DON'T--WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND...

THINGS THAT I'VE **DONE** TO GET BACK HERE.

IT'S TOO **COMPLICATED** TO EXPLAIN...

WHY DON'T YOU TRY ME?

WELL...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN...

BUT I SUPPOSE I SHOULD START WITH THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION--

SHRAAK

MY GOD, POGO!

THE LAB! I NEVER KNEW--!

...CAN'T TAKE IT...

FWAMF

THE CITY.

BROUGHT YOU SOME COFFEE.

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE IT.

THAT BAD, Huh?

THANKS...

YOU WORE THE *MASK.*

I'VE BEEN HAVING A HARD TIME WITH ALL THIS. I FIGURED IT WOULD HELP ME FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE IN MY OWN SKIN...

MORE LIKE *MYSELF.*

MORE LIKE *YOURSELF*, OR WHO YOU THINK YOU'RE *SUPPOSED* TO BE?

LUTHER. DON'T DO THAT. DON'T PLAY *TEAM LEADER* WITH ME.

I'VE LIVED THIS *WHOLE OTHER LIFE* SINCE LEAVING THE ACADEMY. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT RIGHT NOW? I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD--

I WONDER IF MY *LITTLE GIRL* GOT TO SLEEP TONIGHT, OR IF SHE'S UP WITH *PATRICK* RIGHT NOW.

OR WITH PATRICK'S *GIRLFRIEND.*

HER NAME'S CLAIRE...?

YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. I'VE TOLD HER ALL ABOUT YOU. HER UNCLE ON THE MOON...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, ALLISON.

LAST NIGHT WITH THE TERMINAUTS WAS ALMOST A *DISASTER*... I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN YOU USE YOUR POWER...

DID YOU *LOSE* IT?

LUTHER--I'M TALKING TO YOU ABOUT MY REAL LIFE-- YOUR **NIECE.** AND ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS OUR POWERS.

YOU'RE STILL SO OBSESSED WITH BEING A HERO YOU CAN--

ALLISON.

LOOK AT ME. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO RELATE TO **ANYONE AT ALL,** LET ALONE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?

I WOULD'VE LIKED TO HAVE HAD A DAUGHTER. A **WIFE.**

BUT I THINK THAT FOCUSING ON **OUR WORK** IS PROBABLY THE **HEALTHIEST** THING FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME. SO HELP ME SAVE THE WORLD FOR YOUR DAUGHTER.

FOR CLAIRE.

I'D LIKE TO MEET HER SOME DAY.

YOU **KNOW,** SPACE...

...I HEARD A RUMOR THAT YOU'VE WANTED TO KISS ME SINCE YOU WERE **EIGHT YEARS OLD...**

I'M SCARED, SPACE.

I KNOW...

...YOU SHOULD BE.

DOWNTOWN

YANYA...?

klik

ICARUS

ICARUS
NOGN

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

GIVE ME SOMETHING IN D-MINOR...

WE SHOULD KNOCK FIRST...

SKRASSH

KNOCK KNOCK!

SHAK

NO!

YOU WERE *RIGHT* ABOUT ME, POGO...

...I *AM* SPECIAL.

THAT'S ENOUGH OF A WARM UP...

YANYA...

FASCINATING...

NUMBER FIVE--!

--WHAT HAPPENED?

fwip

doink

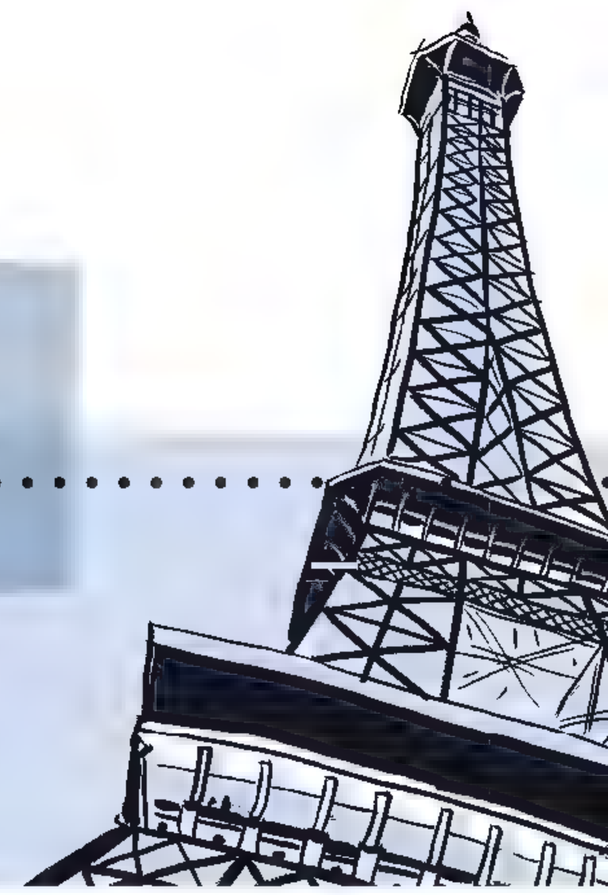
The City Paper

IT'S A PERFECT DAY

to report.

DAYTIME TEMPERATURE
HIGH/LOW—78/70
HUMIDITY—52%
BAROMETER—993.56 MILLIBARS
WINDS-SSE AT 3-4 MPH
PRECIPITATION—0
AIR QUALITY INDEX—EXCELLENT

CHAPTER SIX



FINAL

"SOMETHING WOKE ME UP...***AN EXPLOSION***... I FOUND MYSELF COVERED IN BROKEN GLASS AND BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM THE NOSE...

ICARUS

END OF THE WORLD

"I PULLED MYSELF UP...THAT'S WHEN I SAW POGO.

"HE WAS GONE.

"I LEANED OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING...HARGREEVES'S MONOCLE... ***IT SHOWS YOU THINGS***...SHOWS YOU WHAT SOMEONE ***REALLY*** IS...

"I SAW VANYA... SHE WAS ***CHANGED***...BUT IT WAS HER...

"SHE'S THE END OF THE WORLD..."

SEE YOU IN HELL...

Apocalipse SUITE

DOWNTOWN.

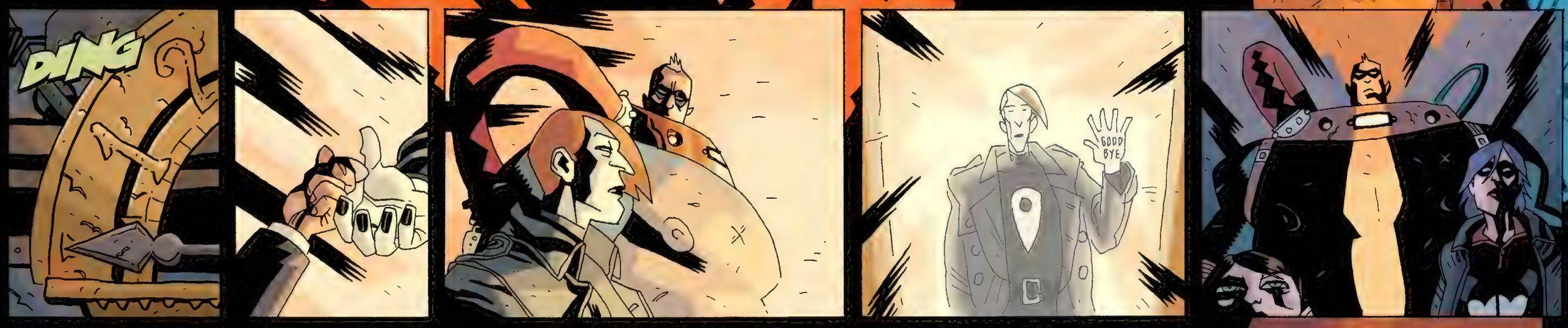
THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY, FEATURING THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF MANKIND IN:

FINALE

OR, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I AM AN ATOMIC BOMB

BEING PART SIX OF SIX IN THE STORY: APOCALYPSE SUITE

"SHE'S GOING TO DESTROY THE WORLD IF WE DON'T STOP HER..."



BUMBLE

WHAT--!?

IT'S WORKING!

OF COURSE IT'S WORKING, YOU IDIOT--

WATCH YOUR TEMPO AND DON'T STOP PLAYING--!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, DON'T STOP PLAYING--!

MADAME VIOLIN--! BEHIND YOU--!

YOU NEED TO CUT THIS CRAP OUT, YANYA--

BROTHER! WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

STOPPING YOU FROM DOING SOMETHING STUPID.

TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T SLIT YOUR THROAT...

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU...

BECAUSE I KNOW YOU WON'T...

BOOM

CRASH

YOU KNOW, KRAKEN...

YOU *REALLY* NEED TO STOP RUNNING OFF ALONE.

SPACE--

BIG BROTHER! YOU'VE FINALLY MADE IT TO ONE OF MY RECITALS!

AND YOU BROUGHT THE WHOLE FAMILY...

REALLY TOUCHING... I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING *NINETEEN YEARS*...

Crash

VANYA, WHY DON'T YOU PUT DOWN THE VIOLIN SO WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS?

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME MY FIRST TIME...

I WAS SO NERVOUS MY HANDS WERE SHAKING...I BROKE A STRING...BUT NO ONE CARED...

POGO WAS THERE...

Crash

...YOU GUYS WERE *CLOSE*, WEREN'T YOU, SPACE?

I HEARD A RUMOR--

YOU SHUT UP--!

SHRIP

ACK!

ALLISON!!

KRAKEN-- FLANK LEFT--!

WE NEED TO HIT HER FAST...

KEEP PLAYING--! BRASS--! WOODWINDS--!! YOU HAVE A FOURTEEN-MEASURE BREAK--

STRETCH YOUR LEGS.

WATCH IT--! THEY'RE ARMED...

MIND YOUR BLIND SIDE--

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

ALLISON--! HOLD ON--! DON'T LET GO OF YOUR THROAT...I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE...

SPACE--!

Ackk-k--

GET OVER HERE--!

I HAVE TO GET HER HELP--!

SPACE--!

PING!

M

LL

THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING--!

--WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE ANYWAY!

THAT IS *MORE* THAN ENOUGH, YOUNG LADY...

SÉANCE...

NO, ACTUALLY.

IT'S FATHER...

AND THIS IS THE FAMOUS COMPOSER ***IGOR STRAVINSKY***... ALONG WITH THE MANCHESTER CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA...AND A FEW MEMBERS OF THE UBE TRIBE...

WE'RE HERE TO STOP YOU BY PERFORMING STRAVINSKY'S ***RITE OF SPRING***, AT A VERY SPECIFIC TEMPO.

AND QUICKLY... I HAVE TO GET THE CHILDREN BACK FOR SUPPER.

LIKE **HELL** YOU ARE...

--LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO--fzzzk--**MASS DESTRUCTION** THAT SEEMS TO HAVE ORIGINATED IN THE **DOWNTOWN** AREA--fzzzck--HAS BEEN SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE CITY! OFFICIALS HAVE WARNED TO--**fzzzck**--THE NEAREST SHELTER--

SCIENTISTS--fzzt--HAVE CONFIRMED THAT--fzzt--METEORS ARE IN FACT LARGE CHUNKS--fzzt--COLLIDING WITH THE EARTH--

HUXLEY COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL.

--fzzck--AIRPLANES--fzzck--CRASHED INTO--fzzck--EXPLOSIONS CAUSING A **MASSIVE DEATHTOLL.**

NO ONE KNOWS--fzzck--THE **UMBRELLA ACADEMY** IS OR IF THEY ARE--fzzck--TO STOP IT--

SLAM

SOMEBODY... PLEASE HELP...MY **SISTER**...SHE'S BEEN **HURT**...

SMASH!!

SOMEBODY **HELP ME!**

MADAME VIOLIN, WHAT'S HAPPENING?! YOU'VE STOPPED PLAYING--!

YOU'RE RUINING THE PIECE--YOU PROMISED US DESTRUCTION--

YOU PROMISED US DEATH!

SO GO HANG YOURSELVES...

DON'T YOU WALK AWAY FROM ME, HARGREEVES--!

I SAID DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME--!

EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, MR. STRAVINSKY.

CHILDREN! FOCUS ON THE PIECE--!

WERE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, YANYA? I'M SORRY, BUT I'M BUSY AT THE MOMENT...PUTTING A STOP TO YOUR TANTRUM.

MR. STRAVINSKY...

TANTRUM!?

YOU'RE CALLING THIS A TANTRUM?!!

I'M ABOUT TO END THIS WORLD--!

NO YOU'RE NOT.

YOU'RE *LOSING.*

BUT--

YOU WERE AN UTTER DISAPPOINTMENT AS A CHILD, AND AN *EMBARRASSMENT* AS AN ADULT...

SO, YOU CAN PLAY THE VIOLIN...*BIG DEAL.*

YOU CAN'T EVEN DESTROY THE *WORLD* PROPERLY.

FACE IT, YANYA...

...*YOU'RE A FAILURE.*

VANYA--DON'T LISTEN TO THIS BASTARD...

ALL WE EVER WANTED WAS FOR HIM TO *LOVE* US, AND HE FED US TO THE *WOLVES*...HE NEVER CARED IF WE *LIVED OR DIED*, AS LONG AS IT FIT IN WITH HIS *PLANS.*

HARGREEVES NEVER LOVED YOU.

BUT THAT DOESN'T *MATTER*...

...AS LONG AS *SOMEONE* DOES.

IS THIS THE PART WHERE WE ALL GO HOME AND ACT LIKE A HAPPY FAMILY?

BANG

NO...

THIS IS THE PART WHERE, DUE TO A BULLET SCRAMBLING YOUR BRAIN, YOUR CAPILLARIES START TO LEAK FLUID, CAUSING SWELLING THAT PUTS PRESSURE ON YOUR MOTOR NEURONS, AND VOLUNTARY MOTOR ACTIVITY FAILS.

WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?!

WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD THE ***BRASS***...

I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE FELL FOR IT... THOUGHT I BLEW IT WHEN I SAID ***BIG DEAL***...

HOLD ON-- YOU ***AREN'T*** HARGREEVES?

Oh C'MON...YOU ***REALLY*** THINK I'D BE ABLE TO CHANNEL THE OLD BAT? THAT SONOFABITCH IS EVEN ***MORE*** STUBBORN AS A CORPSE.

MAYBE I HAVE A CAREER IN ACTING...I'VE BEEN DYING TO GET INVOLVED IN INTERPRETIVE DANCE, OR MAYBE--

IT'S TOO LATE...

RRRRRR

I'D STOP IT... BUT I CAN'T FEEL MY FINGERS...

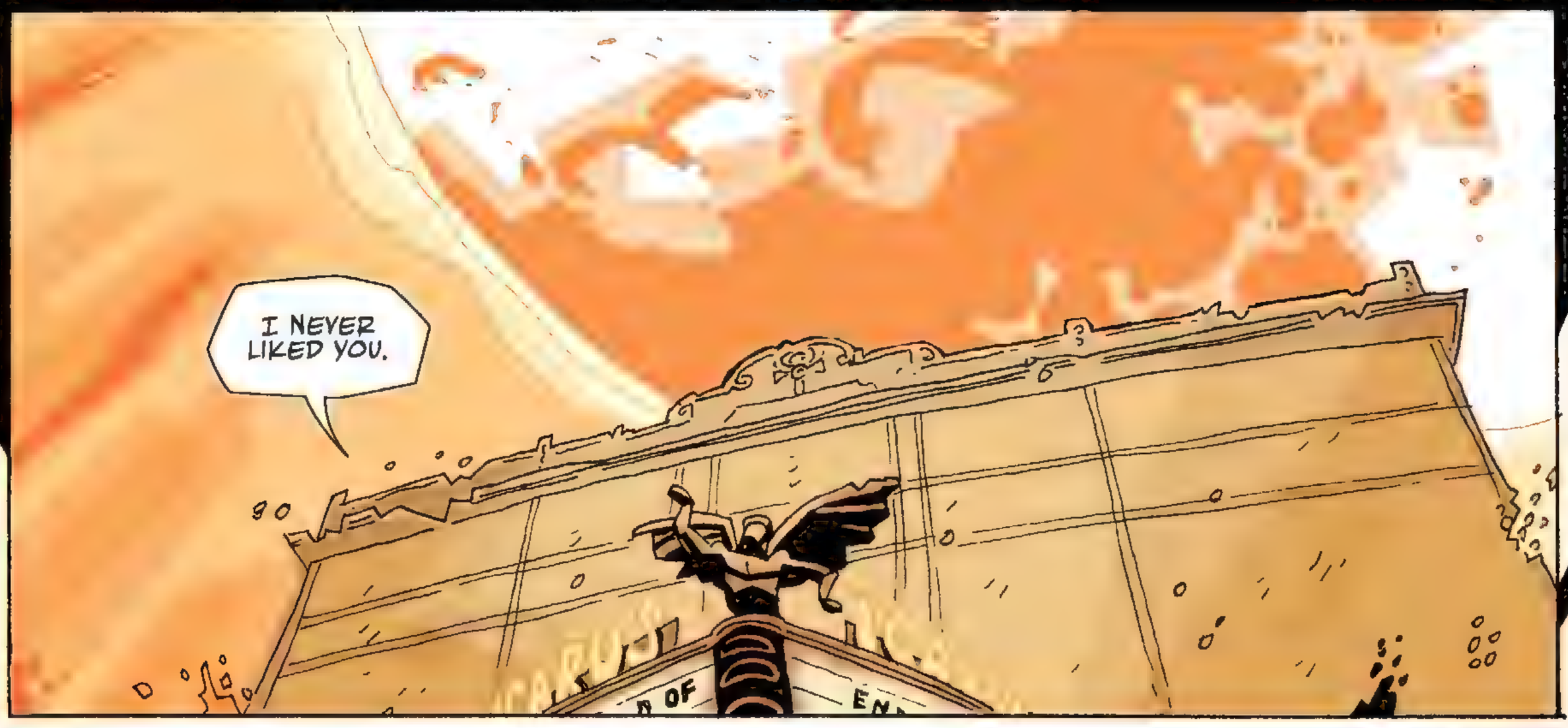
STOP WHAT?!!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!! WHAT'S THAT SOUND?!?!

RRRRR

YOU RUINED THE *CONCERT*...BUT EVEN A *FAILED* PERFORMANCE... COMES TO...

RRRRR



BOOM.

HELLO

HELLO

FASCINATING.

WE'RE ALIVE...

We all knew The Séance was capable of telekinesis, but no one knew he could halt a forty-thousand-ton chunk of the moon rocketing toward us.

I suspect not even The Séance had known this...

Doctors saved The Rumor's life, although they said she would never speak again, as her vocal chords had been completely severed.

Spaceboy was standing by her side when he ***finally*** received the distress call he'd been waiting for all these years...

It was Ben, his robot stationed at Annihilation Control...

Sonic vibrations emanating from the downtown area had caused large portions of the moon to break free, hurtling toward the Earth.

Spaceboy told him not to worry.

OKAY...

The surgeons at Huxley General also saved Vanya. We got her there just in time.

The bullet had missed a vital portion of her brain by a millimeter, and the surgeons left it there for fear of disrupting the nerves. They were confident that her motor skills and memory would return...

...But unsure she would ever play the violin again.

The surviving members of The Orchestra Verdammten were promptly arrested by one Inspector Lupo, who was waiting outside the Icarus Theatre. On a hunch.

The trials start in two weeks. Some of the accused will go to Shinyview Hospital for the Mentally Ill.

Most of them will get what they wanted--

--in the seat of an electric chair.

Outside the hospital, we met two brothers...piano movers named Giovanni and Horatio Goffo, who we asked for a lift home, as The Televator had mysteriously stopped working...

As the house came into view, there was one more surprise waiting for us.

The thinner and more talkative of the piano movers noticed it first.

This was, of course, ironic.

GOFFO

BROS.

But far from tragic.

A house that held so many awful memories for us was gone.

And we were fine with that.

THERE GOES ALL MY SHOES.

In one of the first civil exchanges I have ever seen between the two, The Kraken made a vague reference to ice cream, at which Spaceboy laughed.

He then said--

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU, FLYBOY...

To this, Spaceboy replied--

WE SURE DO.

He decided to start by making a sandwich.

MISSING

The City Paper
APOCALYPSE AVERTED
Umbrella Academy saves city

Jelly

Peanut Butter

GABRIEL BA' 2007

THE END

AFTERWORD

In a lot of interviews around the release of this book, I copped to being initially skeptical of doing a book with a rock star. I talked about that because I knew other people would be skeptical of this guy from My Chemical Romance coming into comics, and I wanted to disarm that notion, because by the time the book was being promoted, I loved the damn thing. Now, as I write this afterword, the final issue of the miniseries is on its way to the printer, and anyone who remains skeptical of this book is probably never gonna be convinced, so I want to talk about the strange process that gave us this book.

I've edited a lot of comics in the last fourteen years, with creators ranging from P. Craig Russell to Kelley Jones, Evan Dorkin to Kyle Baker, Kurt Busiek to Mike Mignola, and Joss Whedon to Sergio Aragonés. Every one of them was a different journey, and every one taught me something.

From the beginning with *The Umbrella Academy*, one of the things that I enjoyed the most was the way that life had allowed Gerard, a relatively young guy at thirty, to live in the worlds he imagined. His world is defined by his own creations, from *The Black Parade* to *The Umbrella Academy*, which define his reality in an uncompromising way. I'm amazed at the compromises that some talented people have to make. You think when you're young that you just have to make a name for yourself, and get your stories out there. But working in the comics biz, what I see are plenty of people at the top of their game, still forced to get *other people's* stories out there, living in made-up worlds from forty or seventy years ago, with characters like Batman or Spider-Man or even my own pal Conan. Gerard has managed, through talent and the power of his personality and his imagination, to indulge his creative fantasies every damn day.

Around Christmastime 2006, Gerard came to Portland to write the first issue of *Apocalypse Suite* with me looking over his shoulder at the Benson Hotel. He wound up spending over a week in that hotel, smoking cigarettes, hanging out in an old Spider-Man T-shirt, drinking a lot of coffee. Late into those nights, we sat and talked over craft, talked over the techniques of other writers. And we talked over *Apocalypse Suite*. I quickly realized that like Mike Mignola, the cartoonist I've worked with the most, Gerard liked talking through the story, working through it out loud. When you do that, you gauge the reactions of your listener, latch onto those things that get the reaction you want, and revise the things that don't seem to click. And so we walked around rainy old Portland, drinking coffee in bars and café's, both of us sober, talking nonstop, a mile a minute, about these characters. Also talking about the Stones, and Wes Anderson, and Mike Mignola—but the characters in this book were already so complex in Gerard's mind that he could go on for hours and hours, and I got to know them all. Got to know what they would do, what they wouldn't, how they talked, and what they thought about. I was enjoying living in this fantasy world in Gerard's mind, and it was inspiring me, pumping fresh blood into some muscles that had atrophied in me after so long on this side of the desk. It reminded me why I got into this business in the first place.

Gerard didn't write the first issue of *Apocalypse Suite* that week in Portland. Days before he arrived, I'd made plans to launch *The Umbrella Academy* on Free Comic Book Day—an annual event in which publishers, retailers, and one printer and one distributor band together to provide free comics to bring new people into shops. To do this, we needed to create a short story, a teaser, to give people a sample of the book, show them what it was all about. So I needed Gerard to write that before issue one. It would become the biggest event of Free Comic Book Day, the most sought-after issue in the months after its release.

It started with an image. A dead figure lying on the ground, the same figure standing over it. And the words: "It's really you. And you're dead. Sorry about that." That was what Gerard started with. It was important that the dead figure not be a doppelgänger, or someone in disguise. That was what mattered most to him. At first I don't think it was Rumor on the ground; that was decided through trying out every possibility. It was a hard notion to pull off, the idea that this was not a stand-in but the actual dead character, but it was that surreal touch that would help us start to define this series. For us, this continued to define the series.

Gerard went back East just a day or two before Christmas, in the middle of a break from the band. I think they were going to Japan a few days after playing Times Square on New Year's, but those few days allowed him to polish off the script he'd started in Portland, and we were off and running.

From there, all of 2007 would be a constant chase—the huge demands of the massively successful *Black Parade* album making it hard to get the scripts done for the highly anticipated *Umbrella Academy* comic. The worlds of Gerard's imagination chasing each other around the globe, with me calling and e-mailing Gerard in whatever city the band took him to, one phone breaking down after another, or getting stolen, whole nations where internet access seemed impossible to come by. Me begging for script pages for Gabriel. While Gabriel hung out in South America working diligently, and amazingly fast, through the twenty-two pages of each issue, Gerard traveled the world, and banged out scripts in Tokyo, Russia, Nevada, Germany, and Jersey—in more different cities than there were issues in the series. My assistant Sierra is as high-strung as I am; we'd get worked up into a panic as Gabriel neared the end of an issue—the schedule was always so tight that if he didn't have the script when he was ready for it, the next issue would be late. Somehow, once we had the first script in, Gerard kept ahead of Gabriel, although it was always close.

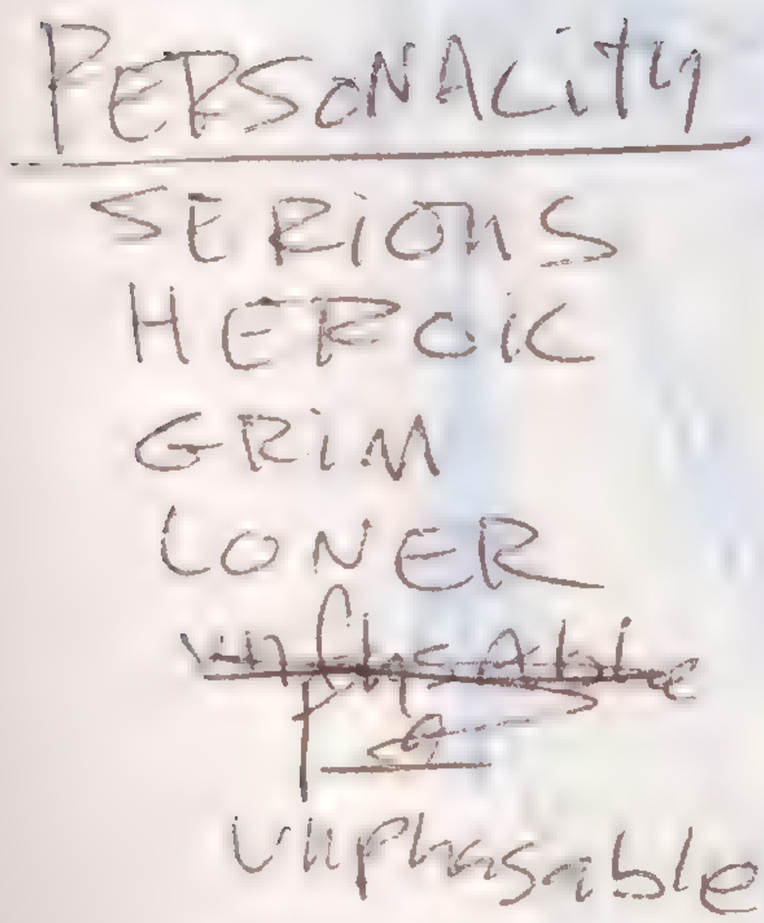
The most important thing about this book, though, is the sense of teamwork that went into it. Gerard and Gabriel became a real team on the book, deferring to each other and looking out for one another the way a good writer and artist should. Part of the teamwork was the sense we all shared that we were working on something special. Even when Gabriel would get frustrated waiting on something, because Gerard was busy with the band, he always understood—although he can be pretty blunt in his e-mails, and doesn't mince words. But there were always e-mails, from Gabriel and Dave and Nate, talking about how great the work was, Dave praising the story or Nate praising the art, or Gabriel asking Dave to marry him every time a new issue's worth of colors came in. Dave and Nate both brought a great deal of stylization to their work on the book, befitting a story so unusual, and so unusually told. More than once someone in Dark Horse's production department offered to fix Dave's out-of-register background colors, or Nate's strangely shaped balloons. But the creative team was always on the same page. James Jean, less directly involved with the main group, just came in once a month to blow our minds, silently reminding us how lucky we were to have him. Even the designer on the book, Tony, responsible for little things like ads and the inside covers of the book, would blow our minds with original ideas, so perfectly in tune with this thing we were trying to do.

The first issue of *Apocalypse Suite* came out on September 19, 2007, and it worked out that I was in New York and Boston for two store signings with Gerard. We'd received advance copies of the book a week earlier, and when we got to Forbidden Planet in New York, there was a wall of books displayed behind the signing area. And still the book didn't seem real; I've been at this for fourteen years, but there's still a certain amount of childlike wonder in seeing these new books let out into the world. For nearly a year, we'd spent so much time focused on the process of *The Umbrella Academy*, talking through every detail of the book, that actually having the book, and getting together in a store celebrating it with hundreds of fans, was surreal—we'd never been focused on that. Being that deeply entrenched in the process of creating the book, you never pause to think about the moment the book will be there. And you lose any sight of whether or not the book is good. You make it as good as you possibly can, but any judgment of it has to fly from your head or it can paralyze you. So it was more strange than rewarding that fate would have us together at those signings on that day, getting firsthand kudos from readers and retailers, seeing the reviews online, and generally hearing that yes, despite the skepticism, this was a good book, all around.

DESIGNING THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY™

Art by Gerard Way and Gabriel Bá

Gerard's earliest drawing(s) of Spaceboy, probably circa 2003. For a long time his name revolved around Darwin and evolution—his name, and the rest of the members of the team, would change a lot in that first sketchbook that Gerard filled out.



Gerard experiments with green, with a shot of another proposed member of the team showing through the back of the page. The head in the lower right corner would have been the head that originally went on Spaceboy's Martian gorilla body.

This was the version of Spaceboy that Gerard included in his proposal to Dark Horse. Gabriel and Dave based their approach to the character on this drawing.

Right away, Gabriel began to enlarge the gorilla body, leading to the scene in Chapter Six where Rumor's entire body fits in Space's hand. Gabriel also put a lot of energy into designing the machinery relating to Space's body.

Facing: Part of a series of Dark Horse Discover ads, highlighting individual characters. Art by Gabriel, colored by Dan Jackson, and designed by Krystal Hennes.

DISCOVER DARK HORSE

UMBRELLA ACADEMY

DISCOVER DARK HORSE COMICS

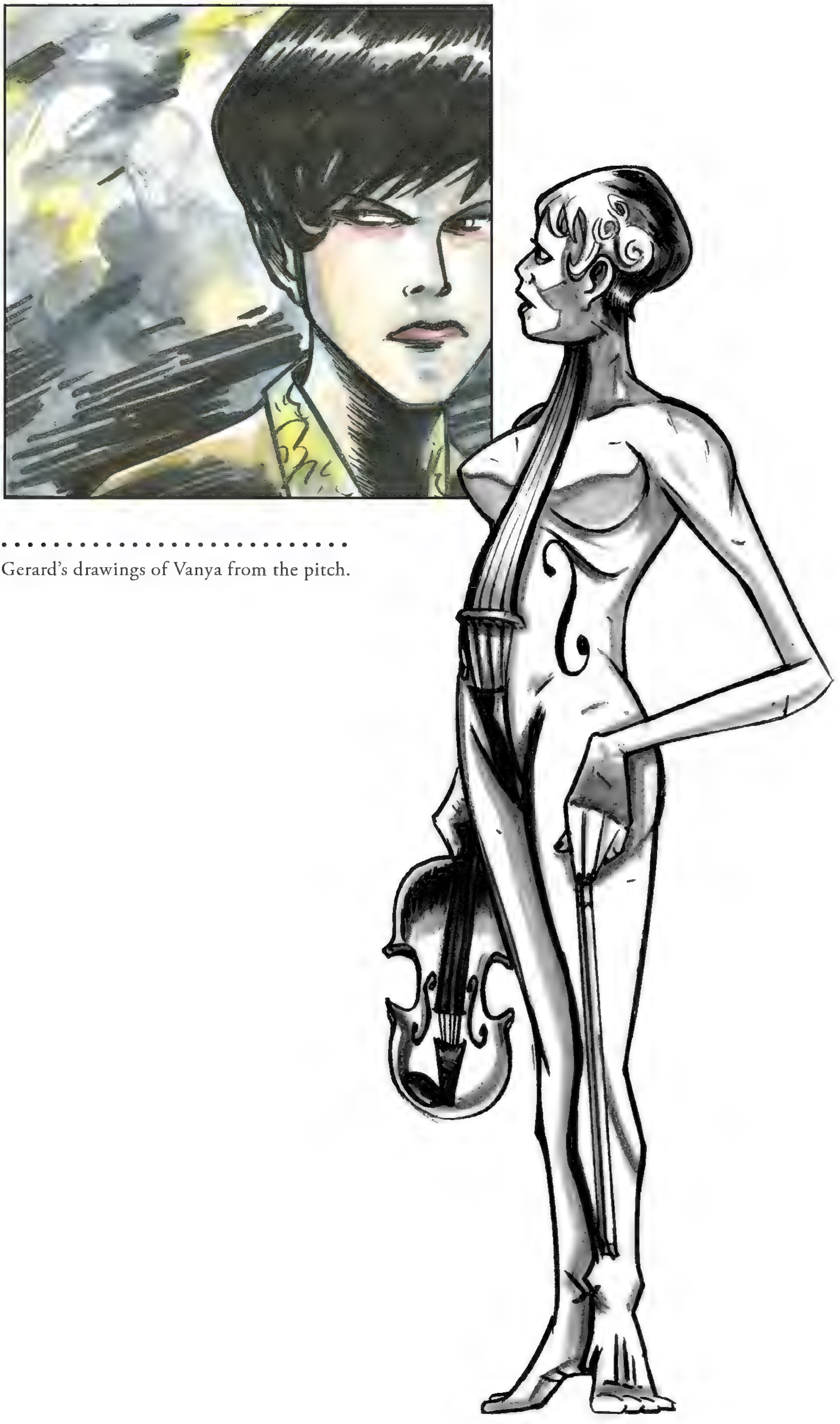
Above left is the version of the Kraken that Gerard sent with the pitch, and he's remained pretty unchanged. At right, early face and head studies by Gabriel. Gerard and I kept forgetting to point out Kraken's missing right eye. On the first few covers, we had to have James go back in and black it out.

Gerard's versions of the Boy and Séance from the pitch. Their looks and their personalities changed in subtle but important ways by the first issue.

The Rumor was not in the earliest versions of the team, and her look evolved a lot before the drawing on the right, which Gerard included in his pitch. The difference in the hair is obvious, but notice the way the question mark in her original costume switched to the R logo on her shoulder—he'd later combine them in another drawing. We don't know what the cat guy was, but apparently Gerard didn't think too much of it.

Facing page: Gabriel modified her costume, working out the R/? logo with Gerard. This drawing was done shortly before tackling the short story "But the Past Ain't Through with You," months before starting the first issue.

The RUMOR



Gerard's drawings of Vanya from the pitch.

An early drawing of Pogo by Gerard.

Above, Hargreeves and his assistant, Abhijat, from Gerard's pitch, and, right, one of Gabriel's first Umbrella Academy drawings, playing on this drawing and the funeral.

As an audition piece, Gabriel's drawing has very little bearing on the book we wound up doing. Hargreeves was always intended to be dead from the beginning, but Abhijat was meant to have more of a role in the series. We just never had room for him.

Gerard had the idea for this pair of images floating around for a long time, and pitched it to Dark Horse in a marketing meeting just before Christmas, 2006.

He likened it to the classic image representing apes' evolution to man—from Space's original incarnation, evolution has been a theme Gerard returns to—but the rest of us thought of the *Abbey Road* cover.

Following two pages: James Jean's cover to issue #2. This was the first image of the Umbrella Academy created by anyone but Gerard. It was used as a teaser at San Diego Comic-Con in 2006. None of Gabriel's modifications to the characters, such as Spaceboy's size, had been made yet. Vanya should not have been at the funeral, and she certainly shouldn't have been the White Violin yet, but the story wasn't fully worked out at that point.

SHORT STORIES
Notes by Gabriel Bá

The following two stories were done before *Apocalypse Suite.*

After three months of sitting and waiting for my first big mainstream project to finally begin, the first thing I had to do was a two-page story to post online as a teaser for the public, just to keep the interest in the project alive. And we were supposed to have it all done in less than a week. The story would be out of continuity in relation to the actual series, so I would not have to really mind the things I'd have to create. And in the end it happened so fast I couldn't even go deep enough into any of the characters, something I was really eager to do on this series. So the first teaser was fun to do, but it just kept me wanting for the real thing to actually start. Dan Jackson colored and lettered the two pages.

When 2007 finally started, I thought I'd have a script in my hands to start drawing, and be done with this wait, which was killing me. But the first script was harder than anybody had anticipated. Scott and Gerard came up with a sixteen-page story to give away for Free Comic Book Day, and so, at last, I was going to "meet" the Umbrella Academy. The story takes place before the actual series timeline, and it features the team in their prime, let's say. It was then that I had to face the challenge of finally portraying all these characters that Gerard had created. For more than seven months I'd done nothing but wait, and draw a two-page teaser—now I had sixteen pages of a real story to do, with this leader and his gorilla body that fills up the whole panel, while I still had five other team members to place in the scene. It was not a mind-blowing story, but it had that weird, bizarre, off-center quality to it, and I enjoyed the result very much. And it was the first time Dave Stewart colored my work. After making this first story and seeing it in full awesome colors, I knew we were on the right track.

GERARD WAY GABRIEL BÁ

"MON DIEU!"

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY.

2:54 A.M.

SO YOU'RE PERFECTLY SURE THIS IS *SAFE?*

SINCE I CAN NO LONGER USE MY *TIME-TRAVELING* ABILITY FOR FEAR I MAY *DE-AGE* TO INFANCY, THE ONLY OPTION THAT SEEMS VIABLE IS TO TAP INTO YOUR PSYCHIC ABILITIES USING A DEVICE THAT I BELIEVE WILL TEAR ***INTO THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME.***

PICTURE IF YOU WILL A *QUILT*, WITH EACH *PATCH* A SINGLE, SIGNIFICANT MOMENT IN TIME, EVERY *STITCH* A MINUTE OF THAT MOMENT. THIS *BOX* IN MY HAND IS THE *SCISSOR.*

Certainty

SO IN OTHER WORDS, "***NO***"--

-SIGH-

CLICK

AHHHHGGGRRR!!

FAAAAZAAAAAAAK

INTERESTING.

AVEC MOI, FRÈRES DE FRANCE !

NOUS NE *CRAIGNONS PAS* LA MORT! AUSSI LONGTEMPS QUE NOUS DÉFENDONS *NOTRE TERRE* --

UN MOMENT --!

COMMANDANT! NOUS NE POUVONS PLUS TENIR! IL FAUT NOUS *REGROUPER* ET *ATTENDRE DES RENFORTS...*

WZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

KRAKOOOOOOM

DID IT WORK?

MON DIEU!

THE END

GABRIEL BÁ '06

COLORS--DAN JACKSON LETTERS--JASON HVAM *MERCI, SAM!*

THE PSYCHIC IMPRESSION OF THIS BODY CLINCHES IT-- THIS ISN'T AN ALIEN DOPPELGANGER, AN ANDROID, OR A TEST-TUBE CLONE...

...THIS IS REALLY YOU, RUMOR--

--AND YOU'RE ***DEAD.***

SORRY ABOUT THAT.

The Umbrella Academy in:

...BUT THE PAST AIN'T THROUGH WITH YOU.

AND I THOUGHT HAVING ***ONE*** OF YOU AROUND WAS BAD...

VERY FUNNY, KLAUS--

SAY CHEESE!

pop

YOU KNOW, I HEARD THE FLASH-O-MATIC 2-10 HAS A DEFECTIVE WIRE THAT RUINS THE FILM.

SPACE! SPACE! COME IN!

Ahh NUTS!

THIS IS AGENT 00.01--

TROUBLE IN TOKYO, SPACEBOY-- A TOY MAKER TICKED OFF A SEA SERPENT BY PRODUCING A ***PLUSH DOLL*** IN ITS IMAGE. THE DOLL SINGS HAPPY BIRTHDAY. HOP IN THE ***TELEVATOR***-- WE CAN BARELY HOLD IT BACK...

WE'RE ON OUR WAY...

RUMOR? I WISH YOU HADN'T USED YOUR POWER ON THAT GUY'S CAMERA...WE NEED THE PRESS TO REPORT YOUR DEATH.

WHY?

BECAUSE WE NEED WHOEVER KILLED YOU TO SQUIRM. THEY'RE NOT JUST GOING TO COME OUT AND BRAG ABOUT IT.

LUCIFER CLARK SHOW

CAM 1

SO THEN I KILLED HER.

NOW THAT'S MAGIC! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

OOOOOOOHH!

WELL, MR. CLARK...

...I SAWED HER IN HALF.

HA HA HAH AHAH AH! HAH! HA HA

FOR THOSE OF YOU JUST TUNING IN, OUR GUESTS TONIGHT ARE THE AMAZING ***MURDER MAGICIAN,*** AND HIS LOVELY MINION, ***THE ASSISTANT...***

CHARMED, I'M SURE.

...WHO RECENTLY KILLED ***THE RUMOR.***

AND YOU WERE AWARDED THE OPPENHEIMER PRIZE FOR VILLAINY AT LAST WEEK'S ANNUAL SUMMIT FOR DASTARDLY DEEDS--***WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?***

WELL, I'M ***SO*** GLAD YOU ASKED THAT--

BECAUSE I SPENT ALL THE MONEY ON THIS GIANT MURDERBOT, AND I'VE BEEN *DYING* TO SHOW IT OFF!

IT'S TRUE... EVERY PENNY.

OOOOOOOOH!

LUCIFER CLARK

WOW! THAT'S IMPRESSIVE! SO WHAT DOES IT DO?

WELL, MR. CLARK...

IT MURDERS PEOPLE.

HAAAAA! HA! HAH! HA HA HA!

I'M SERIOUS.

HE IS.

INSPECTOR LUPO--!

CTV

THINGS ARE GETTING WORSE IN THE STUDIO!

THE MAYOR WANTS TO KNOW WHAT'S TAKING THEM SO LONG...

HUMPH! THESE **UMBRELLA BRATS** ALWAYS MAKE US WAIT. THEY INSIST ON USING THEIR TELEVATOR INSTEAD OF SIMPLY FLYING HERE...

ding!

HERE THEY COME--

HAND ME MY TEETH.

PFFT! SUPER-HEROES...

snapp

I MIEI OCCHI!

YOU'RE LATE.

SHRAK

WE HAD A HARD TIME FINDING A SERVICEABLE ELEVATOR IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN-- WHAT'S THE SITUATION?

THE MURDER MAGICIAN'S HYPNOTIZED LUCIFER CLARK AND HIS STUDIO AUDIENCE, AND SET A MURDERBOT TO "CARELESS BRUTALITY." HE DEMANDS TEN MILLION DOLLARS AND A DATE WITH ITALIAN SOAP-STAR GINA BARBEUX...

誕生日おめでとう。

HE'S ALSO TAKING CREDIT FOR KILLING THE RUMOR.

HE'S FULL OF IT.

HE'S GOT PHOTOGRAPHS, KRAKEN--AND HE'S SHOWING THEM ON CAMERA...

WE'LL TAKE OVER, INSPECTOR. KEEP YOUR MEN POSTED OUTSIDE IN CASE THE MURDER MAGICIAN TRIES TO ESCAPE. AND ABOVE ALL--

DON'T PANIC.

Humph.

SUCCESS!

EXPLODE THEM! EXPLODE THEM ALL!

HELP!

STOP!

AHHHH!

A WONDERFUL IDEA, CUPCAKE...BUT FIRST-- FOR-- MY-- NEXT-- TRICK--

--A FABULOUS ACT OF VIOLENCE!

AN OLDIE BUT A GOODIE-- AND IT NEVER GETS OLD!

ASSISTANT! I HOPE YOU BROUGHT A SPARE COSTUME--

POW SMAK WHAM

WHAT'S THAT--?

CRASH

NOW PUT THAT SAW DOWN BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF--

You're ridiculous, Space...

PRESTO!

SPACE!

SLAM

THAT'S *TWO!* IT'S GOTTA BREAK YOUR LITTLE HEARTS TO WATCH ME KILL YOUR WHOLE FAMILY--

NOT REALLY--

WE'RE ADOPTED.

KRAK

Time to disappear--

HORROR!

GRAB A HOLD OF ITS OTHER ARM!

GOT IT!

SHKIIIT

SÉANCE! LOOSEN UP ITS BOLTS!

plink plink plink plink plink plink plink plink

DONE.

PULL.

BOOOM

HEY, ASSISTANT...

...I HEARD THE LIGHTING RIG IN THIS PLACE WAS A RUSH JOB. ANY KIND OF WEIGHT AND IT'LL GIVE.

NO

BUT WE KILLED YOU!

CRASH

HOW INDEED...

DAD!

HARGREEVES.

SIR...

YOU AGAIN...

...

MUST I REMIND YOU TO REFER TO ME ***ONLY AS*** THE MONOCLE? REALLY...

AND WHY ARE ***YOU*** STILL ALIVE, RUMOR?

?

BECAUSE SHE LIED TO US...

THAT'S WHAT RUMOR ***DOES.***

SHE'D BEEN DITCHING PATROL DUTIES...SHE TOLD US SHE WAS "STUDYING POLYGRAPH SCIENCE AT THE LIBRARY."

SHE'D BEEN RUNNING OFF WITH A ***POLYNESIAN KNIFE-THROWER*** WHEN YOU CAUGHT HER SNEAKING IN AFTER MIDNIGHT. BUT SHE TOLD US SHE'D BEEN AT THE LIBRARY-- AND WHAT RUMOR ***SAYS***...ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE ***TRUE.***

I HAD MY SUSPICIONS WHEN THE BODY TURNED UP--

THEN I FOUND THIS ON IT. HER LIE HAD MANIFESTED IN ANOTHER RUMOR--AT THE LIBRARY. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE SOMEONE FOUND HER--THE MURDER MAGICIAN AND THE ASSISTANT--

Public Library
ID card
Name: Allison Hargreeves
AKA The Rumor
ID No: AH090207
Valid up to: APR 19

GOOD JOB, AGENT 00.01--

TO THINK I LED THE MURDER MAGICIAN TO A COPY! FASCINATING!

WHAT--?

YOU TOLD THAT PSYCHO WHERE TO FIND HER?!! WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?!!

TO TEACH HER A LESSON.

z z z

CLASS DISMISSED.

This has been An Adventure Featuring The Umbrella Academy. Some of the characters you have enjoyed today may or may not be living and/or dead by the next episode.

GERARD WAY

began writing and drawing comics at age five when his grandmother first put a pencil in his hand. Having developed a love of the arts, Way attended the School of Visual Arts in New York City where he honed his skills as both writer and artist before he made a career as a musician. He was a guest speaker at the prestigious Oxford Union, and is a Grammy-nominated art director. He currently lives with his wife in Los Angeles, California. He's also in a band.

GABRIEL BÁ

and his twin brother Fábio Moon have been telling comic book stories for the last ten years in their hometown São Paulo—Brazil's biggest megalopolis. Their first major US release, *De:TALES*, collects stories that show their interest in human relations and their eye for the details that make each person unique. As an artist, after taking on the challenge of creating the sci-fi mind-bending *Casanova* with writer Matt Fraction, Bá saw in *The Umbrella Academy* the chance to work on a mainstream superhero project where he could get deep into the characters while throwing punches and flying around.

In an inexplicable worldwide event, forty-three extraordinary children were spontaneously born by women who'd previously shown no signs of pregnancy. Millionaire inventor Reginald Hargreeves adopted seven of the children; when asked why, his only explanation was, "To save the world."

These seven children form the Umbrella Academy, a dysfunctional family of superheroes with bizarre powers. Their first adventure at the age of ten pits them against an erratic and deadly Eiffel Tower, piloted by the fearsome zombie-robot Gustave Eiffel. Nearly a decade later, the team disbands, but when Hargreeves unexpectedly dies, these disgruntled siblings reunite just in time to save the world once again.

Conceived and written by Gerard Way of My Chemical Romance, *The Umbrella Academy: Apocalypse Suite* features interior art by Eisner Award–nominated artist Gabriel Bá (*De:TALES*, *Casanova*), colors by Eisner Award–winning colorist Dave Stewart, and original series covers by multiple Eisner Award–winner James Jean. This volume collects the first six-issue series, as well as out-of-print short stories and an expanded sketchbook section featuring work by Bá, Jean, and Way.

"... remarkably polished ... Those who like space-squid wrasslin' and zombie-robot versions of eminent 19th-century engineers should be in heaven."
LAS VEGAS WEEKLY

"Way ... combines an arch Victorian sensibility with an impish jet-setting impulsiveness for a wry, slightly gothic debut."
WASHINGTON POST

"... flawless ... stylish, imaginative ..."
NEWSARAMA

"An ultraviolet psychedelic sherbet bomb of wit and ideas. The superheroes of the 21st century are here at last ..."
GRANT MORRISON
(*All Star Superman*, *The Doom Patrol*)

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"